

NEW YORK EVENING

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

VOL. XVI., No. 415.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Latest Thing in "Crazes"—A Man's Racket at Last—Rocky Bear the Lum-tum Caper at the Union Club—The Primeval Thing—The Noble Savage Entertained by the Lambs and the Sorosis—The Swell Reception at the Cheesheads' Mansion—Rocky's Historic Speech—Drop of the Primeval Thing.

Speaking of the latest thing in "Crazes," it's amazing what hard work the society men have had to make Rocky Bear the swell caper of the moment.

The Union Club fellows had agreed among themselves that it was high time society had an honest, muscular lion.

They acknowledged that Wagner and the Greek Play and the Colin Campbell affair were good enough rackets to amuse the women for a while, but it was absolutely necessary that there should be one man's racket before the season was over.

Messieurs Work, Belmont, Tracy, Sandford and others had gone down in the mornings to the Madison Square Garden and taken lessons in lassoing each other from Jim Kid and Billy Bullock.

Some of the other stalwart types of swell Americans had been seen hob-nobbing with cowboys and opening champagne for them in the café at Delmonico's. But all this was private patronage. There wasn't any "craze."

The thing to do was to make the grand old primeval savage, Rocky Bear, the lum-tum caper of the moment.

There were several reasons why this would be a worthy endeavor.

In the first place the prevalent crazes, worked from the feminine side of society, were milksopping all the good fellows who gave any attention to them. The German opera craze had nearly killed three or four really capital fellows who had tried to listen to Tristan and Isolde twice a week and talk the Kunstwerk der Zukunft for two hours every morning. It is a well authenticated fact that Bigelow's endeavors to understand what the Walkure was about brought on the pleurisy, and Major Spencer, who is now suffering with what the doctors call "white softening," dates his downfall (in his lucid intervals) to the Nibelungen.

It was said with confident authority by Dr. Bardolph, of St. Gautama's, that the moral strain put upon the young men by the effort to appear enthusiastic over Tristan and Isolde had resulted in the conversion of a large portion of the best society into jabbering hypocrites.

The other craze of Buddhism, upon which the society belles appeared to grow fat, had superinduced symptoms of paralysis in several manly minds. There was Wilkins, of the Calumet, who began in September to talk about esoteric doctrines and in October began to neglect his neckties. Just before the Sappington-Gooseneck wedding at St. Gautama's his progressive sisters found him one day staring into vacancy over a brandy bottle and two soda bottles, with his cuff buttons upside down. Horrified at the spectacle, they begged him in the name of the Mahatmas to tell them what had happened.

He braced up a little and said: "Hic—I've attained—hic—Nirvana, girls; can't you see it? 'ah, for the 'steric!"

Brainford, who went through the Wagner, the Buddhist and the Aristophanic crazes with a confident air, was carried home, as I suppose you know, in a pillow-case, and poured upon his bed of death. His last words to his affianced, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Isis St. Stork, were: "Scuse me if I've failed, 's heaven's m' witness, I've done my level best. But that last intellectual treat at the Malt House knocked me out. 'Sall right, old gal; I'll have any hamp for me, I'll promise you to play Wotan's Ashied on it. May 'a ben bless you, Brunhilda!"

Miss St. Stork was heartbroken, as you may imagine, and wore a jet ring under her glove for two months. Then her physician ordered her to Washington for her health.

Can you wonder that the really masculine fellows wanted a craze with sand in it? Some of the Princeton boys who came up to the city to see their sisters and were asked to sign a pledge always under all circumstances to take their Wagner straight and never mix their music, went back with a sort of Pagan desperation, and out of sheer cussedness bought banjos and accordions and formed what they

called Roll on, Silver Moon Leagues and Silver Hairs Among the Gold Clubs.

Can you wonder that some of our noblest youth broke away from the intellectual fetters of the Kunstwerk at times and were found at the Sultan Divan and the Cremorne insanely bellowing over some wench's trolling of Offenbach and actually revelling in the pristine joy of a tune?

It was out of this natural protest of the masculine mind that the men of the Union Club conceived the idea of making Rocky Bear a craze.

Steele Mackaye had furnished the suggestion in a word: It was the primeval thing.

And, as was pertinently said by a Lambs Club fellow, man hankers for the primeval thing.

This is strictly true. I've noticed it myself. Sappington-Gooseneck was one of the prime movers in the scheme. He had a swell aunt

cept, but you can't help feeling that it's the new style of line upon line.

But to return. Gooseneck took Rocky to the Yacht Club and showed him the canoes on the wall. Then they gave him a dinner at the Victoria. Then Miss Gooseneck gave him a reception at the Sorosis, and, as you already know, Rocky fell in love with Jenny June, and referred to her as the Ow-a-Hit-a-Gal, which means the "boss medicine squaw," and, with the wild poetry of his nature, called her the How-yay bow-wow, which, being interpreted by Mackaye, was understood to stand for "the primeval thing."

After that he was taken to the Lambs Club and introduced to Lester Wallack, and the only remark that he made about the Governor was that he didn't like his war-paint.

You can understand that as soon as the Union Club set began to associate with Rocky they began to imbibe some of his primeval no-

thing. The white man has a forked tongue."

Such is the effect of simple truth upon the minds predisposed to accept it, that no one dared to question this.

"But tell us, brave chief," said Cholmondeley Jones, as his voice trembled with suppressed emotion, "how are we to return to the simple ways of Nature? We try to practice the primeval thing on the quiet, but we want to do it bravely and openly."

"Gag-a-la-la," replied Rocky Bear. "The white man is a squaw man. He thinks squaw; he plays squaw; he makes squaw books. Red man great chief; he thinks horse. White man o gee-aga-ha-ya."

I think it was out of this admirable eloquence at the Union Club that the idea grew of the primeval bow-wows, or the "men who think horse."

At all events Rocky Bear was now in a fair

would issue an order to Bob Morris to write a feuilleton about it, and this threw cold water on the whole scheme, for there was a sad foreboding that if Bob wrote about the thing he'd praise it.

But meanwhile the craze was slowly extending among the young men of the clubs. Archer was the first to wear a regulation revolver under his forked coat. It is true he sat down on it at Isolde's Cheeshead's afternoon tea and hurt himself, and when Charley Gosling, of Goose-Green, undertook to extricate him, it went off and shot a hole through the Cheeshead sofa. But that was a mere incident. Burke not long after went to the opera in moccasins, beaded, and then Jim Farrelly performed that extraordinary feat of lassoing his wife at Mrs. Milkinton's reception, and taking her off home down the Fifth avenue on a mustang.

The primeval idea was working its way slowly.

Dr. Bardolph, under pressure, consented to the introduction of two tom-toms in his church orchestra, but the music committee of the church drew the line at real squaws for performers. Mrs. Stevens, it was said, had discovered that a number of Union Club men, disguised as Indians, were in the war-dance at the Madison Square Garden, and she had not been slow to communicate her information to her set. This information coincides exactly with the sudden rush of society women to the performances at the Garden.

Matters were at this stage when Miss Isis St. Stork came back from Washington. She had every reason to hate the feminine craze, and with the self-sacrificing heroism of her sex she threw herself into this movement.

By the way, she said a good thing when Stevens told her that the Union Club men were disguised in the war-dance at the Garden.

"Disguised!" she exclaimed. "Say revealed rather. I have seen them over there, and let me say it was the first time in my life."

There was something so superior to the conventional duplicity of the day in this that Stevens was silent.

So true is it that real courage is the same always, whether it wears the war plumes of the Sioux, or only decorates itself with the crushed songsters of our Eastern wood."

The reception given to Rocky Bear would never have taken place at the swell mansion of the Cheesheads if Isis St. Stork had not taken hold of it.

I believe the primeval idea was talked into her by Steele Mackaye. He pictured the elemental strength of the noble red man's simple faith. There was something restful in his untutored polygamy. He thought the heart longed for the golden age when women did all the walking and man rode. He pointed out to her that Nature always adorned the male animal with the most gorgeous plumage and the finest fur. We must return, he said, under the esoteric teaching of Rocky Bear, to nature.

And Isis St. Stork promised.

So the Union Club fellows got Rocky Bear ready for the reception which was to open the door into society and plant the craze on a social basis. They gave him a Turkish bath, using — soap.

The affair at Cheeshead's, as you probably know, completely smashed the primeval craze. Mackaye attributes the failure to the use of soap. But I am inclined to think it is the result of simple primeval frankness.

Rocky Bear, in his blanket, made a speech, of course. The ladies wanted to hear the primeval eloquence of the forest.

The primeval Steele Mackaye acted as interpreter.

When Rocky Bear had spoken for five minutes amid breathless silence Mr. Mackaye, with a rather livid face and nervous manner, said:

"The great chief says that he has watched with interest the efforts of his friends of the Union Club to introduce the simple faith and broad principles of the red man into the social sets of New York, and nothing has interested him so much as this effort to-night to win the pale-face women to the movement. But he

"Benjamin Cooper.
"A serious misunderstanding has occurred here between myself and the Editor of THE MIRROR. He has asked me to write a feuilleton about the use of soap. However much I may be inclined to accommodate the editor's good wishes, a strict adherence to facts compels me to state that soap was used, and I don't believe that any other soap would have removed the paraffin from Rocky Bear's shoulder blades.
As the Editor of THE MIRROR, with a fatality that is in singular contrast with his usual liberality, has insisted that his soap shall be mentioned, and as I, forced to this move by a sense of self respect, have had to introduce a dash. A dash, of course, agrees with me that the result seriously impairs the beauty and integrity of the article. But such are the humiliating conditions which surround journalism to-day when the primeval thing is not understood.
N. C.



L. C. WEGEFARTH.

thinks this will never succeed. I hesitate to tell you what the reasons are."

Cries of "go on, go on!" from the ladies. "Well," he says, "you will never succeed because the pale-face cannot wear long hair, and he cannot wear it because he is bald at twenty-two. White squaw," he says, "love bald head, not Indian head."

Rocky Bear then continued, and while he was speaking Mr. Mackaye was observed to be transfixed with wonder. Some moments before the chief concluded Mr. Mackaye, stepping backwards from the group, made a sudden plunge through one of the conservatory windows and, catching the wisteria vine, slid down into the back yard, where, leaping a fence, he ran down Fifth Avenue in his dress-coat.

No amount of threats or cajolement have since succeeded in making Mackaye give up the primeval secret of that speech. Curiosity has raged through all the best circles. But the primeval thing took a drop.

NYM CRINKLE.

At the Theatres.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—ENEMIES.

Lord Dundeeby.....G. Raymond
Hon. Arthur Blake.....S. Herbert
Sir Manvers Glenn, Bart.....Frederick A. Everett
Colonel Anderson.....Newton Dana
Captain Percival Glenn.....J. Carne
Peter Darvel.....H. A. Weaver
Richard Harvel.....Charles F. Coghlan
Mr. Doran.....W. G. Raymond
Daft Willie.....Walter Lennox, Jr.
Aunt Anne.....Mrs. C. Calvert
Mrs. Lawler.....Kate Pattison
Rose Heely.....Miss Calvert
Margaret Glenn.....Mrs. La Gity

The announcement of a new play by Charles Coghlan—the principal roles to be filled by himself and Mrs. Langtry—has very naturally stimulated public curiosity for some time past. It was a large and most respectable audience, if not as brilliant as Mrs. Langtry has been used to in the brighter and prettier uptown theatres, which greeted the presentation of the piece at Niblo's on Monday. The total result of the performance was a success of curiosity of so very mild a flavor as hardly to be distinguishable from disaster, and the auditorium was pervaded throughout the evening with an almost unbroken gloom which set a chilling verdict upon Mr. Coghlan's claims as a dramatic author.

The plot of *Enemies* is briefly as follows: Peter Darvel, a thriving tradesman, has, in early youth, been deeply injured by Sir Manvers Glenn, and henceforth devotes his life to the ruin of his enemy with all his line. To this end he gets rich, buys up all the outstanding claims on the overburdened Glenn estate, and proposes to oust the family from their home and social position. In this he is aided by the senile folly of Glenn, who squanders his property in visionary experiments in mechanics, and by the arrogance and dissoluteness of his son, Percival Glenn. The latter, after brutally handling the poacher Heely, and insulting young Richard Darvel on his appearance at the yeomanry ball, sets out, in prosecution of a rather doubtful flirtation with Rose Heely, the poacher's daughter, to accompany her home from the ball, thereby so rousing the rage and jealousy of Daft Willie, her half-witted admirer, that the idiot strangles her in the wood. Suspicion, roused by a handkerchief which Percival has given the girl, and further stirred by the malice of Heely, falls upon the young captain, and he is committed to jail as the murderer. Richard, in the meantime, has been falling in love, though why, when and how, Mr. Coghlan but sparingly informs us, with the baronet's daughter Margaret, and now steps in as *deus ex machina*, to baffle his father's plans by paying off the mortgages, discovering the real assassin, and freeing Percival from prison. Sir Manvers acknowledges his former wrongdoing, Margaret suddenly discovers a sympathetic throb for Richard, Peter Darvel forgives them all, and the baronet effusively promises to make everybody's fortune by going into partnership with his old enemy on the basis of his last invention for the economy of fuel in machinery.

Very fair material clearly, though ripe with the mellowness of a respectable antiquity, if the playwright had used it judiciously. This he has not done, or done at best imperfectly. His treatment is scrappy and inconsequent; the play lacks logic, and logic, says a great French critic, is tyrannous on the stage. It is the besetting sin of the Robertsonian school of comedy-drama to spend its best efforts on collateral and unessential matters, careless, so long as it supplies pretty scenes and realistic pictures, whether they really and vitally help on the main action. Thus Mr. Coghlan spends three out of his six acts (for by an extra fall of the curtain he really adds one to the conventional five) mainly in having his rustic maid comfortably throttled, and another in getting Percival snugly in jail, and for what? Merely that Richard Darvel may have a hand in securing the real assassin, and helping Percival out of bonds, in order, of course, to properly work on Margaret's gratitude. But the essence of the whole action is Richard's bold resistance to his father's harshness and his magnanimous sacrifice of his own fortune to save the bankrupt estate. Anything he does for Percival might and would have been done by any fair criminal lawyer for a few pounds a day. So the audience have their feelings harrowed by the melodramatic murder, let alone all the interest excited in poor Rosie and her perilous flirtation, all for a side issue. The spectator is let off on a false scent, and naturally resents the discovery

that he has been beguiled of his tears to so little purpose. This incident of the murder is the one *clou* for which Mr. Coghlan thinks necessary to give credit in the programme to the French original, Ohnet's *La Grande Marnière*. It is striking and melodramatic in itself, but the piece, as a consistent whole, would have been better without it.

Naturally enough, this waste of power on the non-essential brings dearth of the essential. When Mr. Coghlan gets fairly to work on his story he treats it, as indeed he does all his scenes, in an oddly thin and hasty way, without the careful elaboration needed to warm up the spectator's sympathy and attention. The piece in many places looks more like a draft or *scenario* than a complete work. He gets poor Rosie into the wood, and strangled, and mourned—Virginia-like—by her father, and the curtain down, all in about the time a lazy gallery god would take to crack a peanut. We want to be interested in the real business of the piece—the love-making of Richard and Margaret. But except that he is palpably a good fellow, and she as palpably very pretty, there really seems little reason for their spasmodic burst of affection. The author is so taken up with his pet homicide that he has scant energy left for billing and cooing, and the young people meet, palpitate and pop in much the same business-like way in which they might take a coupé in a shower, by a look at the wheels or a glance at the cushions. Perhaps some exception should be made for the really very vigorous situation where Margaret apologizes for her brother's insolence at the ball. But this scene is as thin and sketchy in treatment as all the rest, and though the young lady certainly behaves very well, her little moment of magnanimity seems rather slight basis on which to set up housekeeping. True to his instincts, too, Mr. Coghlan uses the same cheerful lightness in dealing with an incident which would have broken up any ordinary social gathering in admied confusion. His characters quarrel and bully each other and fly at each other's throats and go off in wrath and disgust, and in two seconds the county aristocrats are placidly dancing the Lancers as if nothing had happened.

These considerations may serve, with others of like nature, to explain the noticeable coldness with which *Enemies* was received on Monday. Some share of the responsibility must fall on the acting, which was sluggish and tame beyond even the permitted norm of first-night performances. Mr. Coghlan genially "eclipsed" himself by giving himself little to do except at the beginning and end of the play, and acting that little discreetly indeed, but with his usual gentlemanly coolness and lack of emotion. Mrs. Langtry walked through the pretty part of Margaret, with that gentle, amateurish inefficiency hitherto noticeable in all her performances. In one of her climaxes of dramatic emotion she turned her back on her audience and sat down to play at the piano. It is a noticeable fact, by the way, that Mrs. Langtry, at such crises, generally *does* turn her back and hold her tongue, doubtless from an unconscious sympathy with the Pike County farmer who, when the tail-board came out of his wagon-load of potatoes, forewent his usual orate profanity and was grimly silent, as "unequal to the situation."

The real honors of the evening fell to H. A. Weaver for his broad, vigorous impersonation of the rough but not really hard-hearted Peter Darvel. The part, as it is the most thoroughly developed and clearly drawn in the whole play, was the most efficiently acted. The scene in which the father and son quarrel over Richard's defection to the enemy, was really strong and good, and brought a stormy recall, in which Mrs. Langtry was chivalrously, though with slight justification, included. F. A. Everett made the most of his light outline part of the poor, doddering old enthusiast, Glenn. He is an excellent character actor and always up to his work. Mr. Carne left out any spark of manliness which might inhere in the role of Percival, and made him a hideous young cad, which he was presumably meant to be. But it was hard to have to take him to a corner of our hearts in the finale.

The setting and costumes were mediocre. Mrs. Langtry, of course, was radiant in chiffron-like creations from Paris, and spectacularly lovely in consequence. It she could only storm our hearts with a morning-jacket or tempt our tears with a tea-gown, she would be irresistible. The ball room scene was pitifully meagre. No true Robertsonian manager would present a brilliant gathering of county aristocrats with a half dozen loutish young supers in hussar jackets and as many girls in frayed frocks.

Yet, with all its evident defects, there is some vitality in Mr. Coghlan's piece, after all. If he could file down his irrelevant matter, develop his really useful characters and situations and put a few more heart beats into his dialogue, the play might yet have a run. As it stands such blissful result seems beyond the probabilities.

THALIA THEATRE—DER GLÜCKSENGEL.

Engel.....August Walter
Fischer.....Lucie Werner
Dr. P. Hagen.....Hermann Korn
Kort von Landeck.....Carl Witt
F. H. Hagen.....Hugo Haas
Fritz Hagen.....Anna Bergen
Gerd.....Reinhold Böck
Schmidt.....Bernhard Kank
Hans Hagen.....Marguerite Fish

Miss Heely Benson some few years ago stepped, or rather toddled, from her swaddling clothes upon the stage. It is even reported

that a nurse-bottle was kept ready for her at the wings during the waits, but on this tradition differ. She was at all events in the fullest sense *enfant de la baller*, and if not actually born on the boards, she most certainly cut her teeth there. So it came to pass that when the baby, somewhat larger grown, went to Germany, she was already in some sense a trained actress. In Vienna and other European cities she learned more stage art, and she learned German. After a really phenomenal career, all circumstances considered, she returns to try her fortune in the lesser Germany of the West, and on Monday made her debut at the Thalia in Treptow's farce, *Der Glückseugel*, under her proper name of Marguerite Fish.

As seen to day—on a clear evening through a strong opera-glass—Miss Fish appears a microscopic little creature, with the face, figure and voice of a child, but the cleverness of a woman of thirty and the dash and assurance of the—ahem! say, of the father of all impudence himself. Her face is plain, certainly, but with a piquante ugliness, and susceptible of an amazing variety of comic expression. Her quaint little body is terse and elastic, with electric snap and mobility, and she pervades the Thalia stage like a will-o'-the-wisp, the merriest little goblin, probably, that ever trod the New York boards, ready to dance or sing, flirt or fight with equal effervescence.

Der Glückseugel is a poor thing enough, one of the interminable German three-act farces which might begin or leave off anywhere, or go on, like the brook, forever, with equal dramatic propriety. It serves as a rather cumbersome frame for the one little minnow, Miss Marguerite, who pervades the whole of it as a schoolgirl, a Suabian peasant, an English governess, a dude, and a hussar, and is droll, lively and inspiring throughout. She sings a bit here and there, very badly as to voice, but what she can't do with her throat she pieces out with her face, her shins and her elbows. What is to become of Miss Fish is not altogether clear. Much will depend on her future education, and, according as she is well or ill guided, she may turn out a *Déjazet*, a *Lotta*, or a concert hall performer.

STANDARD THEATRE—THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

The Hon. Vere Quckett.....Weedon Grossmith
Rear Admiral Archibald Rankling.....Mr. Elliot
Lieutenant John Mallory.....Gordon Dalzell
Mr. Saunders.....T. Roberts
Mr. Reginald Paulover.....Courtney Thorpe
Mr. Otto Bernstein.....Malcolm Bell
Mrs. Rankin.....Mary Carew
Miss Drott.....Helena Dacre
Dinah Rankling.....Mabel Millett
Gwendoline Hawkins.....Geraldine Dalzell
Ermytrude Johnson.....Agnes Miller
Jane Chapman.....Margaret Trelawney
Peggy Hensleridge.....Kosina Vokes

Mr. Pinero's farce, *The Magistrate*, was slender enough, the Lord knows, but his latest, *The Schoolmistress*, presented by Rosina Vokes and her company at the Standard on Tuesday evening, is almost as thin as a geometric line. Were it not for the cleverness of the people that play it, Mr. Pinero's piece would probably have met a deservedly unpleasant fate. As it is, the thing was saved by skillful, sparkling representation by a band of exceptionally bright performers.

The plot is as weak as boarding-house soup. The situations are strained to a degree intolerable even in a farcical comedy. The dialogue is, of course, British, and except for occasional glimpses of fun it is dull and feeble. The scenes are laid in Volumnia College and the house of a cantankerous Admiral, both in Portland Place. A lot of complications follow the absence of the schoolmistress, during which the scholars, led by a mischievous artful pupil, turn things upside down, give a feast to one of their number who is secretly married, and make the mild husband of their principal foot the bills.

Of course there are all sorts of incidents, wherein the wrong people are brought together at inopportune times, while the girls' pranks are progressing, and chaos reigns most of the time.

Miss Vokes looked a trifle worn and wan after her serious illness, but she acted the role of Peggy with a perfect abandonment to the requirements of the character. The spirit of fun embodied in this talented soubrette she managed to infuse into the performance, thereby assisting in the titanic work of making it acceptable to the audience. Mr. Grossmith repeated his laughable characterization of the dude in *A Christmas Pantomime*, the only visible change being a light wig and moustache. We may have too much of a good thing. Mr. Grossmith should not imagine that he can go on repeating himself with successful results simply because his idea "caught on" at first. Mr. Thorpe's Paulover was a very neat and clever performance. The others were better than the material with which they had to deal.

Twelfth Night, the most graceful and poetic of all Shakespeare's comedies, was presented by Modjeska and her company on Monday night, and, we sincerely regret to say, was sorely mangled in the presentation. Not in the acting, for, taken as a whole, that was artistic, and in parts deserving of the highest praise, but in the enunciation, which was perhaps the most wretched one could have to follow for a whole evening. Either the audience were on the "wrong side of the acoustics" or the company had conspired to demonstrate that *Carlyle the Grumpy*, the *Philosopher of Chelsea*, had uttered a truth when he spoke with cynical sneer of the whole human race as "that inarticulate d—d beast they call man!" Gem after gem of the author's choicest pearls of

poetry were lost to hearing, and could only be judged by the pantomime of acting, aided by the spectator's acquaintance with the text. So general and conspicuous was this fault that the charitable critic feels disposed to seek for an explanation in some disturbance of the acoustic properties of the theatre through atmospheric changes of temperature, rather than prefer a wholesale charge of mumbling against an entire company of presumably skilled and experienced artists. But for this, although in some respects wanting in finish, the performance would have demanded praise. Modjeska herself, in many places, fell into the fault, while Grace Henderson, as Olivia, absolutely spoke as if she had pudding in her mouth. The only exceptions which can be made were W. F. Owen as Sir Toby Belch, Charles Vandenhoff as Malvolio, Ian Robertson as Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Albert Lang's Antonio.

The play opened with a decided tameness. The order of the first and second scenes was reversed from Shakespeare, the present rendition being an inartistic liberty to take with the author, whose opening scene between the Duke and Valentine affords the key to the whole structure of the play. It is one of the peculiarities of the Shakespearean formula, and should not be lightly tampered with. In the opening scene Modjeska's Viola was disappointing and the performance seemed to halt; in the fourth scene her lack of repose and staid stride forced itself upon the attention; but in the scene with Olivia, in which she pleads the cause of her master's love for Olivia, although success would mean the grief of her own disappointment, the artist's rendering of the contending feelings could scarcely be surpassed, and from that moment to the close her interpretation of the chaste and graceful role was marked by the subtlest art. Among the ladies of the cast the next in order of merit was the sunny acting of Mary Shaw as Maria. It would be unreasonable to wish a closer interpretation of the merry and bewitching little handmaid of Shakespeare's play than this lady gave.

The Olivia of Grace Henderson, but for the inarticulate delivery we have referred to, would have taken rank as a most refined and graceful effort to sustain the feeling which distinguishes the play. The songs of the piece were tastefully sung by Clara Ellison. Charles Vandenhoff was a superb Malvolio, slightly upon Henry Irving's exposition of the part and worthy of comparison with it. He appeared a little cold in the scene with the Fool in Olivia's apartment, but in the reading of the letter and the subsequent interview with Olivia his fantastic, amorous folly and self-conceit shed the fullest light upon the character as Shakespeare depicts it. The delivery of Olivia's message to the drunken causers at midnight was also admirably done, while the culminating point of art was the shocked surprise and bitter rage at the discovery of his self-deception through the letter. The Sir Toby Belch of William F. Owen was a masterly exposition of the roistering old swashbuckler who is so fond of sack, but who can draw a sword withal when wanted. Did our space permit, it would be an interesting study to contrast the points of difference and of resemblance that lie between this character and that of Falstaff, as well as of Shakespeare's introduction of the same device of identity as in the two *Dromios* of the *Comedy of Errors*. The Sir Andrew Aguecheek of Ian Robertson was excellent and showed a deep study of the empty-headed, vain dude of the middle ages, who bestowed his time in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting, and could "cut a caper in a galliard." The midnight drinking scene between Sir Toby, Sir Andrew the Fool and Maria was a perfect piece of comedy, and distinguished by many genuine touches of art in the byplay. We are unable to speak with the like commendation of the Fool. The gentleman, James Cooper, who was cast for it, did not appear to be naturally suited for the part or have a sympathy with its spirit. Maurice Barrymore's Duke Orsino was tame and colorless. Hamilton Bell, as Sebastian, was capital made up as Modjeska's double, and acted with no mean imitation of her attitudes. Antonio, by Albert Lang, was a good outspoken sailor. The rest of the company comprised Roberto, by Robert Burnaby; Valentine, by Laura Johnson; Curio, by Frank Clement; Fabian, by W. Haworth, and the Officer of Justice, by Robert Taber, and acted their parts fairly well. They would have been entitled to praise if they had only let the audience hear something more than half the words. The supers require a word of notice. They were about as expressionless as any that ever strutted in property costumes, and would have taken the cake as wooden lay figures.

Louis James and Marie Wainwright, supported by a strong company, made their metropolitan bow as stars at the Windsor Theatre on Monday night. They appeared in *Virginius*, and the event was an ovation. The hearty welcome tendered by the large audience was no less flattering than deserved. Philadelphia theatre-goers remember Mr. James as a member of Mrs. Drew's company, while in this city he was for several years connected with leading stock companies. For several seasons these admirable players were the mainstay of Lawrence Barrett, and aided him greatly in building up fortune and fame; and to this day he has not replaced them. Upon his entrance in the first scene in *Virginius*, the audience gave Mr. James a royal

salvo. He looked every inch the noble Roman father and patriot, while his conception of the character invested it with that touch of nature which breaks down all barriers of place and time and makes the whole world kin. The story of Sheridan Knowles' play and its culminating event, the overthrow of the corrupt Decemviri which ruled Rome with despotic sway, was recited and sung in the streets of the Eternal City centuries before the Christian era, and is the theme of one of Lord Macaulay's noble poems and a tragedy of Alherti. Edwin Forrest imparted his grand personality to the role, and when he was gathered unto his fathers the lamented McCullough was looked upon as the ideal *Virginius*.

Taking the part in general, Mr. James is a worthy successor to McCullough, if not his peer. His elocution and reading were well-nigh faultless, while his acting, especially in the tender passages with Virginia, was the perfection of unstudied grace. In the closing scenes of the fourth and fifth acts he was twice called before the curtain, and at the close of the last act his presence at the footlights was again demanded. Miss Wainwright gave a graceful and winsome impersonation of the guileless Roman maiden whose beautiful face and figure had fired the heart of the licentious Appius Claudius. The exquisite pathos of the scenes in the forum were deeply affecting, and Miss Wainwright was recalled at the fall of the curtain. F. C. Mosley, as Icilius, was efficient. His Roman costume hung gracefully upon his well-knit figure. E. L. Tilton, as Dentatus, burly and sturdy, recalled to the more intelligent auditor the grim old philosophers who walked about the pomegranate groves of Athens, railing against tyrants and the vices and follies of mankind. F. C. Huebner as Appius Claudius, Edward N. Hoyt as Calus Claudius, and George D. Fawcett as Numerius were careful and effective in their respective parts. Next week *Siberia*, one of Bartley Campbell's strongest plays, will be presented.

Poole's cosy little theatre down in Eighth street was well filled on Monday night by a kindly-disposed audience gathered to see the first New York presentation of *My Aunt Bridget*, a rollicking musical farce-comedy, Scott Marble, the author, has really succeeded in producing a very pleasing work, one of the best of its extensive category. George W. Monroe and John C. Rice, two excruciatingly funny comedians, who achieved fame with *Knight's Over the Garden Wall* company, are the central figures, and they are seconded in their work by a fairly good supporting company. The three acts bristle with ludicrous situations and crisp witticisms. Taking vocal solos and ensemble singing are interspersed through the skit. Mr. Monroe has a rich part in Bridget McVeigh, the aunt, who "arrives in the Spring." His entrance is the signal for gusts of laughter. His song, "Eh, Did I Hear You?" was encored half a dozen times. Bridget made a positive hit.

Mr. Rice portrayed the purse-proud but money-poor P. Alton McVeigh, the nephew, to perfection. He sang a number of selections in an admirable manner; but his "Think it Over" pleased best, and brought the most encores. Monroe and Rice are destined to make a mark in their peculiar but pleasing line of eccentric comedy. Next week, *The Silver King*, with Carl A. Haswin and Eleanor Morretti in the leading roles.

Interest was lent to the performance of the *Two Orphans* at the Grand Opera House Monday night by Miss Claxton and Mr. Stevenson invoking the assistance of Sara Jewett in the role of Henrietta. Miss Jewett acted the part with all her former finesse and skill and contributed not a little to the strength of the representation. Miss Claxton's Louise and Mr. Stevenson's Jacques are so identified with the long career of this remarkably virile drama that it is unnecessary to recur to their merits. James L. Edwards made a gallant and handsome Chevalier, while Dolly Pike's Countess, Alice Leigh's Frochard and Floride Abell's Marianne may be singled out as particularly deserving commendation. Next week we are to have the Kiraly troupe in *Around the World* at this house.

My Partner, staged by the same cast that received notice in these columns last week, was seen by a good-sized audience at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday evening. Mr. Aldrich's Joe Saunders was received with the usual acclaim, while several members of his support were applauded. Next week Dimmock Murray will furnish the bill at this house.

Miss Dauvray returned to the Lyceum with *One of Our Girls* on Tuesday night, and was received by a large and fashionable audience. Mr. Sothern, Miss Leslie and Mr. Whiting gave the star capable support. One of *Our Girls* will be played for some time, after which *A Scrap of Paper* is to be brought out.

The revival of *Moths* at Wallack's Theatre occurred last night—too late for review in this MIRROR. Suffice it to say that the cast is strong and the play has been carefully rehearsed and handsomely mounted.

The Princess Ida gives place at the Fifth Avenue on Monday next to Mr. Mantell in *Tangled Lives*. Good words have been written almost everywhere out of town of Mr.

Keller's play, and the event is awaited with interest.

Little Jack Sheppard finishes its career at the Bijou this week. On Saturday night Nat Goodwin will produce Mark Melford's farcical comedy, *Turned Up*, with his clever Irving burlesque, *Those Belts*, tacked on before.

Gus Williams is convulsing visitors this week in *Oh, What a Night!*—a performance that we have lately had occasion to notice.

At Tony Pastor's—where there is always something good to be seen—a specialty programme of more than ordinary cleverness is being given this week.

The O'Reagans still draws crowds to the Park, where mirth and melody are constant attendants.

M. B. Curtis in *Caught in a Corner* is the source of continued enjoyment to the lovers of comedy. This piece shows Mr. Curtis at his best. The fiftieth performance is now at hand.

Joseph Jefferson's engagement is attracting large audiences to the Star Theatre, where his fine art finds delightful exposition in our old friend Rip.

Jim the Penman is almost unexampled in the annals of success. There is no sham about the receipts, which are literally only limited by the capacity of the Madison Square. Seats are selling far in advance.

The Musical Mirror.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE—METROPOLITAN.

Tristan.....	Herr Niemann
King Marke.....	Herr Fischer
Isolde.....	Frl. Lehmann
Kurvenal.....	Herr Robinson
Melot.....	Herr Von Wille
Brangäne.....	Frl. Brandt
A Shepherd.....	Herr Kemnitz
A Sailor.....	Herr Alvary
A Huntsman.....	Herr Saenger

Wagner's great music drama, *Tristan and Isolde*, was given for the second time at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday last. The performance was mellowed and smoothed, and was in most respects a very remarkable musical event. It depends greatly on the spirit in which one attends such works as *Tristan and Isolde* how one shall be affected by or what one's opinion shall be of the wonderful but strange music-drama. There is no effort to please the public, not one grain of humor from first to last; therefore one must not expect to be amused; and the plot is laid at such a remote and utterly mythical epoch, the personages are so mistily and weirdly drawn, so entirely out of the pale of modern sympathy, that one must not look to be interested. A stern grandeur, almost awe-inspiring, is the potent magic that enchains the mind, the taste and the judgment, and makes the listener feel that he is indeed in Cloud-land—not on this dull earth. Wagner is just the musician to create and foster this illusion, and the music of *Tristan* is the worthy and absolute outcome of his unconventional genius.

To call the present work an opera is absurd. True, it is an "opus"—a work; but the Italianized "opera" has acquired a conventional meaning not in the least applicable to the gloomy mass of intertwined sound that accompanies and illustrates the action of the myth. For a myth it is, and by no means a merely human story. The loves of *Tristan and Isolde* represent the story of the Sun, Dawn and Evening, just as the tale of *Aurora and Daphne*. The interest is celestial, not mundane; awful, not sympathetic. From this point of view the work is grand and perfect; from any other, it would be bombastic and dull. And so, having defined the ground on which we stand, we shall proceed to give our impression of the manner in which this great work was given to the public by the company of dramatic singers now performing at the Metropolitan Opera House.

There is no opportunity for the singers to display their voices for the mere sake of that display, nor to bring down the house by vocal pyrotechnics. Therefore, whose wishes to have his ears tickled will be disappointed. There is no ballet to dazzle the eye, no gorgeous setting of the stage, no crowded chorus grouped to please the lovers of the picturesque. What is presented is purely mental in its charm. The auditor is kept on a continuous mental strain, conscious that the book and the score tell him that the performers are expressing certain sentiments, and that the continuous melodies are running through the orchestral and vocal parts illustrating emotions typical of the most intense love.

That a human brain can conceive and put together, almost without joint or seam, such a continuous mosaic, that will hold the listener spell-bound for hours, is evidence of the capacity of Wagner's genius, that none but the prejudiced and ignorant can deny is marvelous. Nevertheless, we are inclined to doubt the efficacy of such working on the natural feelings of humanity. The result is infinitely depressing, and wearing on the nerves.

The energy required to be expended by the principal artists is something enormous, and the strain that they, one and all, keep up, shows a devotion to their art that is suicidal to their powers. None save vocal giants should dare to grapple with the difficulties of the stupendous music, and their memories should be equipped with niceties of intonation

and measurement of intervals, rate to counter.

That Lehmann, Brandt, Niemann and Robinson even sang their notes correctly, is a testimony to their ability as musicians and singers. Unfortunately, the auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House is so vast that comparatively few among the audience could see the facial expression of the artists, which would have done much to intensify the action and relieve the imagination of the looker-on. The band played superbly, and each individual member should have received the plaudits showered upon the leader, and the soloists only. It is seldom that one hears such sonorous, rousing, thrilling, pathetic, weird and sombre tones as these musicians brought from their instruments. We wish the public to recognize how much it owes to the band, and to show it. We must take decided objection to the appearance before the curtain of deceased personages whose adherence to all other details of realism is so venacious. Do not let vanity be the rock on which idealism is shipwrecked, pander not to the clamor of the vulgar crowd which bellows to see the dead raised again.

In conclusion, we assert that the performance of *Tristan and Isolde* was a true triumph, and that Wagner's wonderful though fatiguing music drama has been seldom better interpreted, even in the fatherland of the composer himself.

Patti has gone at last. Her final concert at the Academy on Wednesday of last week offered the same familiar scene as all the others. There were the same crowds, the same enthusiastic recalls, the same half surprise on the part of the prima donna as she trotted out to get her wash-tubs full of flowers, the same dainty acknowledgments of stray bouquets from the boxes, the same lovely phrasing of the same old ballads—in short, Patti all over again, with her amiable little humbugs, her winsome personal charm, and her utterly unattainable grace and perfection. The rest of the programme was well ended by *Scalchi, Novara and Guile*, and the second act of *Martha* by the whole quartette was delightfully rendered. But, sooth to say the present chronicler had but slight heart to enjoy the pleasure of the moment so pregnant was the occasion with retrospection and suggestion. In the minds of most thoughtful people present on Wednesday the same reflection may probably have taken more or less definite form. "Mai più! mai più!" 'Tis the last time—let us make the most of it, for we never shall hear the like again!

With Patti goes from us the greatest living representative—almost the only really great one—of the noble old Italian school, the grand art of melody, of pure song. In her diminutive person the little lady comprises a whole volume, in duodecimo, gilt-edged, of artistic history, and we may be devoutly thankful if it do not prove the last of the series. She inherits the traditions and represents the methods and tendencies of a school which has ripened to its fullest bloom almost within her own lifetime, and is now palpably in its decline.

Of the great composers hardly a lingering representative remains, and the great singers are dropping off one by one. The wind has changed, and the artistic weathercock has got stuck fast due Bayreuth. Henceforth, for a season at least, we must be resigned to music and mathematics, and solace our souls, hungry for melody, with limelights and counterpoint. We must take a Summer course of Althochdeutsch and mythology before stripping for the musical athletics of the Winter, and sit at the feast with a cyclopeia on either hand and an exegetic commentary on our laps.

But be not cast down, dear friends, who love music for its own sweet sake. *Surrender!* Nature is nature after all, and though pertinaciously forthright out of the Metropolitan, will as pertinaciously slip back at the Academy or elsewhere. Already there are streaks of grey in the East, and the dawn of the new day may not be so far off, after all. Spite of the real force—in orchestral regards—of the new school; spite of all the pride of the heart in the boxes and the lust of the eye on the stage, which make the big building uptown such a dazzling and suggestive spectacle, there are signs of a reaction. Dark whispers begin to circulate that the Wagner priestesses who sit at the rites in Fortieth street in light-tainment and heavy diamonds, are really but swooning with a simulated ecstasy, and in their hearts are rather bored than otherwise. Ironclad partisans of the most advanced school are showing symptoms of weakening; there is a suspicious flow of stragglers to the rear, and but for that stubborn self-consciousness which shuns confession, who knows how many stalwart Bayreuthers would be fain to own frankly that, for the time at least, they have had enough of it?

It is quite on the cards that within twenty, or ten, or five years, the pendulum of public taste may have swung back to its normal poise, and the music of the future may have been relegated to its proper place—as a strong, inspiring, fruitifying influence, but not the all-absorbing, all-exclusive despotism which it threatened erewhile to become. And after, what then? If Italian opera is dead or dying, and Wagner's is not capable of taking its place, what and who shall fill the gap? There is no need for despair; civilization takes no steps to the rear. *Nihil vestigia retrogreditur*. Evolution, artistic or otherwise, goes by

waves, and to the eye which reaches far enough the undulation goes ever onward. The melodic grace and simplicity of Verdi or Rossini has given place to the dramatic fervor, the harmonic complexity of the great Germans, but humanity cannot be left songless. The in-born, ineradicable feeling for harmony is not dead in the heart of humanity, and must ever find a voice. On the ruins of the older schools is yet to rise the newer and greater, which shall reconcile them both, which shall be as direct as sweet, and as charming as the one, and as strong and expressive as the other. We elders may not see its full fruition, but it will come. It remains for us to wait with patience and hope for the new incarnation of the great Apollo, the sun-god of music, to gaze out expectantly to a still wider horizon, while our hearts chant with the poet—

Oh, never star,
Was lost, but here it rose afar;
Look! East, where whole new thousands are.
In Vishnu—and what Avatar?

Erminie is doing so well at the Casino that praise is superfluous. We do not hold with bringing coals to Newcastle, so we only state the pregnant fact that the houses are full, the performance good and the artists excellent.

The Princess Ida is doing as well as can be expected, which, considering that the Savoy Theatre in London lost thousands by it, is saying as much as can be expected. It is admirably put on the stage and very well sung and acted.

Koster and Bial are keeping up the hall merrily. Crowded houses, good performances, piquant specialties and excellent artists are the rule at this establishment.

Dockstader's Minstrels continue to give the best musical first-part we ever heard in minstrelsy. Pepper's song, "The Old School Bell," is a palpable hit, when the bell doesn't crack. McWade, Nobles and Joe are fixed stars, and worthily so.

The Giddy Gusher



I've been much puzzled lately at the course taken by the newspapers in mentioning men and mixing up the sexes. The *Sun* said Tuesday that Miss Wainwright had "a more matronly appearance than Louis James." To be sure, on the occasion under consideration, the festive James had been dressed in the low-necked Mother Hubbard of Virginius; but that very décolleté costume should have hoisted him far above the imputation of comparative maternity implied by the *Sun*.

The idea of any man with one pair of glasses mistaking the nasal organ of Louis James for a female sniffer! I should think it would require a dozen. I have never seen my Louis without a shirt-front over his manly bosom. I have never seen him in shirt-sleeves—he generally has cuffs enough on to advertise a laundry. (For, you see, I dislike little Mr. Barrett as an actor so much that I never took in his Virginius, and so never encountered Mr. James, as Iclius, in his shirt and pillow-case state of existence.) But I cannot believe the disclosures of that rig would entitle the gentleman to be spoken of in the manner adopted by the *Sun* critic.

Then on Wednesday the *World*, in reporting the conduct of the ladies at Helen Dauvray's reappearance in the Lyceum, applauded the way in which the bonnets were laid aside, and said "Among those ladies who helped the good work along by laying aside their bonnets were Mr. and Mrs. Warren Leland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Creamer," etc. I looked carefully along the column to see if Warren wore an evening bonnet of light blue or Frank a simple thing in pink. It didn't say. But a description of the bonnets worn by Warren Leland and Frank Creamer at the Lyceum Tuesday night is due the public, and we ought to get it. And if they didn't wear bonnets, and if Louis James does not look matronly, the three men ought to make a protest about being mixed up with weak women in this ridiculous manner.

The veil that adorns the bonnet of domestic life has been curiously rent by the passage through it of the Elevated cars. There is nothing sacred about a domestic hearth that any one can look at at any time of day or night.

The master of the premises in his night shirt, applying the match to the miniature bundle of kindling-wood, that, helped by the bow string binding it, will cook his morning coffee, is the

first revelation. Through the entire day a panorama of the inmost recesses of private life spreads out along the line of the Elevated road.

Through one window we view with admiration some household Maria reseating Tommy's little pants, and on the return trip poor Tommy himself is being reseated in the most unpopular way.

It is no secret to the traveller that the second floor will have sausages for supper. From your seat in the Elevated car you can count 'em as they sizzle in the pan, till, as I say, the veil is torn off the bonnet that crowns domestic felicity.

But the shaft in the flat-house snatches bald-headed the affairs of the community—veil, bonnet and all.

I've got a friend who lives in one of those huge caravanseries. This one is called the Stella, and next door is another called the Ella. Now, Stella has an opening straight through her from cellar to roof, and anywhere along that shaft you are to all intents and purposes the most intimate friend they have all of 'em got.

I sat in the nursery the other day, and scraps of conversation came down to me. The woman on the second floor said to her husband, "If you lay your hands on that child again I'll bring the matter before the Society."

This vague threat gets a mumbled response from an inner room.

"I've told you the last time about punishing the children. You ain't fit to do it," continues the shrill female.

Evidently the author of the children comes up to the scratch, for a deep bass voice says: "You're a fool. I'll teach you to interfere with my management."

Here comes a scuffle, a half scream, and a "Don't you hit me again" from the wife.

Does anyone know how many men who move in good society and look superior to such a suspicion, warm their wives? Well, I tell you it's something marvellous. The Stella is full of fashionable folks. There are no men entering the doors that you could accuse of such proceedings, and yet my friend tells me she has heard of a dozen scrapping matches through the shaft since she went to live there three months ago.

The Gusher, who always takes a hand in, immediately called "Break away!" up the ventilator when she heard the row. Silence fell on the second floor, so we could hear the third. This time it was the lady of the flat and her cook. She is saying: "Make that cold-beef do—it's good enough for those miserable Bentons. They as good as invited themselves. I suppose you'll have to make a pudding."

"Will I make an ayes puddin'?" queries a strong Milesian brogue.

"Never! They'd be coming again next week. Give 'em plain boiled rice—they hate it."

"There's the bell!" screams a woman on the other side. "Don't open the door, Jane, till you see if it's that horrid Mother Hillyer. Speak down the tube to the bell-boy. Don't let him send her up. Tell her I've been visiting in Troy a week."

Here occurs some misunderstanding between Jane and Buttons which results in Jane's opening the door and admitting that horrid Mrs. Hillyer and sending her up.

"She's got in, ma'am," in frightened accents of smothered apprehension from the girl.

"Why, dearest Mrs. Hillyer, how delightful," gushes the mistress. "I was thinking this very morning what an age it was since you were here. Do sit down. Try this chair; it's much more comfortable. Lay aside your wrap. I hope you have come to stay," etc., etc.

There's real trouble on the fourth floor. A man's voice is here heard.

"I shall have to take away this pianny, ma'am. Them's my orders, and I've got to obey 'em." My husband will be home to-morrow. He will go direct to your place and settle it. I thought last month's instalment was paid."

"I've got nothing to do with that, ma'am, only to take the pianny. Turn her head toward the window" (this to the men). And they proceed to carry away the piano.

The unhappy woman has a friend, and she begins to ask her if she supposes "he'll get the money back he's paid on the instrument," and the female Job says, "Lord, no; no one ever does."

"Ma, you told me I was going to be took today to Will Bill if I didn't tell pa about Mr. Carson," pipes a squeaky voice way up stairs.

"Oh, you horrid little liar, tell him what, (slap), what have you got to tell your father, (slap). I'll find out what you have made up."

"I didn't make up nothing, you know—"

In fact, we were all of us going to know, when a volley of slaps silenced the squeaky voice, and it broke into a prolonged yell.

Good gracious! The developments of the shaft, they make me ill, and I'll turn to a pleasant subject.

Those people who have been buried with the hymn of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," sung to the old tune, will be glad to know that H. P. Danks, of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" memory, has composed a brand new

air for the favorite words and dedicated it to Julie de Ruyter.

Aronson wants to get her to sing it some Sunday night at the Casino, and I'll see Aunt Louisa during the week and find out how many have availed themselves of its funeral advantages.

Now, some one wants to take "Dearest Sister, Thou Hast Left Us," and fix it up fresh.

When I was a kid no one was ever buried without that being sung as "Dearest Sister," or "Dearest Father," or "Dearest Aunt Jane."

I remember about two years ago I was in a dull little town down East, when I went to the funeral of an old gentleman. The church was about half full, and the session in the same condition.

"Dearest Sister, Thou Hast Left Us," sang quartette, when the sexton tumbled down the aisle, looked up at the gallery, and, making a speaking tube of his hands, said hoarsely: "Come off—we're planting of an old man."

With "Nearer, My God, to Thee" choir runs no such risks, and I'm glad Mr. Danks has built it so melodious a tune. It will be very gratifying to those contemplating burial.

Among the clever people who have lately drifted to New York—as all clever people do—is Harvey McKenna. He came here from California, where he had been astonishing the billiard players for some time. McKenna is under thirty, and resembles the unfortunate Joe Dion very much in person. And the things he can do with the ivory spheres puts him in the same rank as that occupied by the Dions.

He is the boss of straight billiards. Just think of a man who will play anybody for any amount, 1,000 points or no count!

He has made runs in practice as high as 3,000, and in public 1,641 and 2,001.

I saw him the other evening with a tip-top amateur billiardist. The game was for 500 points or no count. They strung for lead and McKenna sat down. His opponent tripped up with one button on his wire and McKenna faced the table. In two shots he got the balls in position, and tick-tick tick on he went till he ran out the 500 points, and left 'em so he could have gone on to 1,000 if he'd been so minded.

My side partner is Matt Hewins, of Hartford, Ct. He's great friend with McKenna. The billiard lovers of that old town have got up a match between Billy Sexton and McKenna at the balk-line game for the 221. It's the straight three-ball game of which McKenna is indisputable master. But the Gusher is going up to practice the balk line with the California wonder. So you may expect a curious epistle next week, written in chalk by your

GIDDY GUSHER.

Professional Doings.

—A. Z. Chipman, recently in Ada Gray's support, has joined Lizzie Evans.

—Hardy Vernon has been engaged by Daniel Frohman for the next two seasons.

—Fred. Ward opens for two weeks at the California Theatre, San Francisco, on May 2.

—Woolf Marks goes to Washington to superintend the music for Lawrence Barrett's *Rienzi*.

—A good attraction is wanted for Christmas week at Whallen's New Masonic Theatre, Louisville.

—Seven Jilted Maidens is the title of a comic opera by N. Clifford Page and Clark Wise, of San Francisco.

—J. C. Williamson, the Australian manager, has secured the rights to *Held by the Enemy* for the Antipodes.

—A New Year's attraction is wanted at the Bingham (N. Y.) Opera House. Wire Manager J. P. E. Clark.

—The Olympic Theatre (variety) in Cincinnati has been closed. It failed after a season of three weeks. The manager, Charles Smith, will confine himself to the Vine Street Opera House.

—G. A. Wright has secured rights to *The Pavements of Paris*, and will put a company on the road headed by J. H. Studley. The business management and booking are in the hands of A. E. Sumner.

—Clara Morris closed her season last Saturday night on account of illness. Most of the company were seen in the city yesterday. Miss Morris is expected on Saturday. She will resume her season at St. Paul on Jan. 3.

—Messrs. Horning and Bradshaw have had such success with Hoodman Blind that they have cancelled two weeks of one-night stands to accept dates in Chicago and Cleveland, where they will play during the holiday fortnight.

—The success of Louise Halle in the South is something phenomenal. The Texas press is loading her down with columns of praise. While Dagmar, the play, and the supporting company are not always approved, Miss Halle has yet to receive an adverse criticism.

—Arrangements have been made by which the Howard Athenaeum company is shortly to go to San Francisco, opening at the Hush Street Theatre on Jan. 3 for four weeks or longer. For the California engagement the company will be strengthened, Frank Hush already being engaged, although the reception that mimic met in the Golden City several years ago will, it is to be hoped, not be repeated.

—Myra Gouffon is having a very successful season in New England. Her play, *S. S. pleases everybody*, and there is a very general demand for return dates. J. W. Grath has made such a hit as Hickory Hawkins, the ex-circus clown, that he is now semi-starred. In this part he has added much to his fame as an eccentric comedian. At the Elks' benefit in Providence last week his bit was so pronounced that he was not overshadowed even by Dixey.

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NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical, Managerial and Dramatic Profession of America.

Published every Thursday at No. 11 Union Square, by THE MIRROR NEWS-PAPER COMPANY, Proprietors.

HARRISON GREY FISKE . . . EDITOR

Subscription—One year, \$4.00; six months, \$2.00. Advertisements—Twenty cents per line, square measure. Professional Cards—15 lines, \$1.00 per quarter. Terms cash. Further particulars mailed on application. Advertisements received up to 10 a. m. Wednesday. Foreign advertisements and subscriptions taken at home office by our European agents, The International News Company, 11, Rue de la Paix, Paris, France; P. A. Brockhaus, Lincolnsquare, Berlin, Germany; F. A. Brockhaus, Unter den Eichen, Leipzig, Germany; F. A. Brockhaus, 41, Finkenburger, Wien, Austria; where The Mirror is on sale every week.

The Mirror is supplied to the trade by all News Companies. Make all checks and money orders payable to THE NEW YORK MIRROR, Station D, New York P. O.

Entered at the New York Post Office as mail matter of the Second Class.

NEW YORK DECEMBER 11, 1896.

MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Anderson, Mary
Ashton, Mrs. J. E.
Barrett, Louis J.
Benedict, A. S.
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Barrows, Jas. O.
Barr, H. H.
Bell, J. P.
Bishop, W. H.
Bailey, C.
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Hall, Lillie
Hendcombe, Henry
Hogan, P. Chas.
Jennings, J. W.
James, Gerie
Jesse, James Mgr.
Keep It Dark co.
Keith, Marion

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Advertisements for the Christmas Mirror cannot be received later than 12 m., on Saturday, Dec. 11.

A Peep Behind the Curtain.

The Christmas number of THE MIRROR (which is also the regular issue for the week ending Dec. 18) will be published next Wednesday, Dec. 15. Below we give a brief outline of some of the features that will diversify its 32 pages:

Col. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, the famous orator, contributes an exquisite prose-poem on "Life."

HENRY ARTHUR JONES (author of Saints and Sinners, Hoodman Blind, etc.) relates "How I Wrote the School for Scandal." Mr. Jones assures the Editor that his article will not involve THE MIRROR in a libel suit with Sheridan's ghost.

Dr. T. S. ROBERTSON, a physician whose name is a household word among the profession, tells about some "Strange Hallucinations" that have come under his observation in the course of his practice.

Ex-Judge A. J. DITTENHOEFER, the distinguished lawyer, writes of "Stage-right vs. Copyright" from the point of view of an expert.

A short homily appropriate to the holiday time entitled "The Bright Side of Christmas," is penned by the Rev. Dr. WILBUR F. WATKINS, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Madison avenue and Forty-second street, New York.

A. C. WHEELER ("Nym Crinkle") treats in his own inimitable fashion of a rare and lustrous type of stage beauty.

GENEVIÈVE WARD is the author of a touching sketch called "Under the Lucayptus Trees."

Hon. A. M. KENNEDY, late Minister to Austria and present Ambassador in the International Court at Cairo, Egypt, describes with a picturesque and glowing pen "The Return of the Mahmal," or, as it is popularly termed, the return of the Sacred Carpet from Mecca.

"My First Lesson in Acting" is the title of an article by ANNE, ROSE, and FRANK CHABLE in which is recounted a hitherto unpublished story of Mrs. Chable.

FLORENCE MACK, the distinguished English actress, tells of the time she was Captain M. Mack's first love.

called "On Board the Penguin, or Love in a Storm." As the title indicates it is a delightful romance of the sea.

"My Stage Life" is the name of FANNY DAVENPORT's admirable account of her career and her views on stage art.

Weird ghost stories from the graceful pens of MAY FORTESCUE and MADEIRA LUCETTE will entertain those that delight in the mysterious and uncanny. Their titles respectively are "The Painted Hall" and "A Christmas in Edinburgh."

NAT C. GOODWIN—who knows more about the subject than any actor on the American stage—fills a column with an able discussion of "Burlesque."

MARY H. FISKE narrates, in her own witty and humorous style, "The Christmas Experience of P. P. Moseley." The hero is a stage-struck salesman in the notions department of a leading dry goods establishment.

A. R. CAZURAN biographs the late John E. Owens and analyzes his acting in "The Trinity of Comedians."

In "A Fragment" RICHARD MANSFIELD has produced in brief space a clever and imaginative sketch of the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" order.

"The Major's Story," a capital piece of humorous writing by M. B. CURTIS, relates the surprising New York adventures of a man from San Jose.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD, emulating the example of Mr. Heron-Allen goes into palmistry and sets forth the result of a minute examination of "The Comedians' Hands."

LEW DOCKSTADER graphically pictures some amusing experiences in "My Spook-Crank."

"All Right at Last" is the name of a well-told Christmas tale by HENRY M. PITT of the Madison Square Theatre.

HOWARD PAUL unfolds the painful contretemps that came from "Exchanging Hats" in a London club.

HOWARD P. TAYLOR (author of Caprice) portrays some familiar bores in "The Trials of a Dramatist."

MILTON NOBLES touches on a variety of interesting dramatic topics in "Flotsam and Jetsam."

HARRISON GREY FISKE, in "My Protege," tells a strange story of two Christmas Eves.

The exploits of Frank Herriott with "The Great Aviator," give FRED LYSTER scope for a humorous flight into the subject of aerial navigation.

ALFRED AYRES answers the important question, "What is Elocution?"

CORNELIUS MATHEWS, under the caption "Christmas in My Mind's Eye" conjures up certain interesting phases of New York life in the olden time.

H. S. KELLER gives an "Advance Agent's Story."

Poems and verses are contributed by a number of clever writers. Here are some of them: "The Hushing Night," by ETTIE HENDERSON, the well-known playwright; "Pourquoi?" by ROLAND REED, the comedian; "Shadows of the Past," by J. H. BARNES, leading man of Miss Davenport's company; "Oversights" and "Then and Now," by Carl Wagenlauf, professor of Belles Lettres in one of the leading universities; "Sylvia," by Clay M. Greene, author of "Miss," "The Christmas Light," by EARL MARBLE, editor of the Boston *Edwin*; "A Look at Old Letters," by EDWARD E. KIDDER, the dramatist; "Children of the Play," by ALBERT ELLERY BERG; "Symposium of the Jolly Sextette," by GEOFFREY HAWLEY; and "Good-bye," by ENMA V. SHERIDAN.

Articles are also to be published from the pens of Marie Prescott, Alice Harrison, Benjamin F. Jenkinson, Edward Coleman, Samuel Stockvis, Marie Petrowsky and Sydney Chidley.

The pictorial features include a variety of drawings by E. W. Kemble, of the *Courier and Enquirer*; Walter Goater, C. Kendrick, Alfred Pegram, M. Cohen and F. Rusden.

Enged Feet and Ab. Minnie, are the two new burlesques to be presented next Monday evening at Dockstader's. On that occasion Billy Birch will make his first appearance in an afterpiece. Ten boy sopranos, selected from the principal church choirs of the city, have been added to the vocal forces.

Personal.



FLORENCE.—W. J. Florence, whose portrait appears above, has been meeting with great success in Frisco, where for many years he has been a prime favorite. Above is the jovial comedian's portrait.

HEATH.—Marie Heath has been called to the death bed of her mother at Kirkwood, Ill.

ELLISER.—Effie Elliser now plays Camille in addition to Woman Against Woman. Julie is not among the impossibilities.

MEREDITH.—Lucille Meredith is on a visit to her home in Northampton, Mass. She shortly returns to New York to resume her vocal studies.

EVANS.—Tellula Evans has gone to Portland, Ore., to join the Thompson Opera company, in which she will sing principal roles in an extensive repertoire.

RANKIN.—Mrs. McKee Rankin is domiciled in Detroit, where she will devote herself to preparing ladies for the stage and to superintending amateur theatricals.

FRENCH.—T. Henry French received word yesterday (Wednesday) of the serious illness of his mother in England, and will sail for that country on the *Servia* on Saturday.

DAVENPORT.—During the temporary illness of Joseph Grismer, Edgar Davenport has been playing leading roles with the Grismer Davies company. His work has been highly spoken of.

ELDRIDGE.—Aunt Louisa Eldridge, who is with R. B. Mantell's company, playing Aunt Eliza in Tangled Lives, is well-known through the columns of the Gusher, and is recognized and well received everywhere.

CAMERON.—Beatrice Cameron, leading lady of Richard Mansfield's company, has been very ill for some time, but is now almost recovered. Prince Karl is booked for Troy, Miss Cameron's home, and her appearance there will be the event of the season. Her Trojan admirers always turn out in force.

CARDS.—Eugene Oudin and Louise Parker, of McCaull's Opera company, were united in marriage in Detroit last Saturday evening. Colonel McCaull gave the bride away, and De Wolf Hopper was best man. The bride wore the blue silk costume in which she appears in the last act of Josephine. The happy couple were showered with wedding gifts.

SOLOMON.—Fred Solomon is much elated over a compliment paid him by Stuart Robson. Mr. Solomon is playing Cadeaux in the travelling Erminie company, and the elder comedian said to the younger: "Your delivery is distinct and clear, and your acting is 'straight cut.'" Mr. Solomon has thrown away his old headgear and ordered something "very fine and large."

WEGEFARTH.—One of our promising young song-writers and composers of music is Mr. L. C. Wegefarth, whose portrait is on the first page of this issue. Mr. Wegefarth's latest success is "Papa's Footsteps," a ballad which has been sung for six consecutive weeks by Joe at Dockstader's, and which bids fair to be one of the most popular of songs. Among his other recent compositions are: "The Night We Lost the Bells," "Nellie's Sweetest Smile," "Old Plantation Home" and "Fold Those Little Hands in Prayer."

John E. Owens.

The eminent comedian, John E. Owens, died at his country-seat, near Towson, Md., on Tuesday, Dec. 7. Mr. Owens had been ailing for the last two or three years, and on several occasions his condition was very critical; but he always managed to pull through. During most of his illness he remained at his Maryland home. When he felt strong he would travel a little, generally going to Charleston to look after his theatrical interests, being owner and manager of the Academy of Music in that city. Up to the last he took a great interest in this house. Mr. Owens' last professional appearance was as Old Rogers in Esmeralda, one of the most enduring of Madison Square successes. Mr. Owens leaves a widow, but no children.

The great mass of theatre-goers familiar with the name of John E. Owens will be surprised to learn that he was not of this soil; he was born in England. He was so long identified with the part of Solon Shingle, the old Yankee farmer, that this ignorance is easily accounted for. He was brought to this country by his parents in 1826, when he was three years old, and became an actor down in the 'forties, and W. E. Burton was his friend and coach. He passed through the ups and downs of an actor's life, but at last woke up famous

as Solon Shingle, and became celebrated on two continents. At one time he was accounted the richest actor in America; but it is said that dabbling in mining stocks in California reduced his savings to a modest competence.

Frankie Kemble's Coming Tour.

"I think I may pretty safely say that the arrangements for the opening of Frankie Kemble's starring tour next month are now fairly completed," said Edw. Clayburgh to a MIRROR reporter yesterday. "I have secured a good company, not the 'best in the world,' nor a 'matchless aggregation of dramatic perfection,' as circus programmers would put it, but it is every way adapted to the requirements of the play. I have selected the support from among the best."

"What of the play—is it a good one?"

"I don't know—who does? One can read a play and decide upon its literary, but not upon its acting merits, or as to whether it will please the public. Clay Greene read us Sybil; or, A Romance of Dublin Lights. Our good impression was increased on a second reading. It is a well written play, with a most absorbing plot. Ben Teal will direct the production. Max Maretzek writes the incidental music, and the introduced songs, all new, have been composed by J. F. Mitchell. Henry E. Hoyt will paint some handsome scenes on the Irish coast. These names should certainly guarantee something above the average."

"But you say nothing of the star?"

"I believe her to be the coming woman. I do not believe that any of the much lauded professional beauties surpass her in good looks. Falk tells me he sells two of her photos to one of any other celebrity. She stands in the very front rank of singing comedienne, and as a soubrette she has no superior. In the field of comic opera she has made two distinct successes, being the original Yum Yum in The Mikado in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, after playing it new York for six weeks; and she sang Violet in The Little Tycoon, at the Temple Theatre, Philadelphia, for fourteen consecutive weeks. Since then leading comic opera managers have in vain tried to engage her. Miss Kemble's rehearsals of Sybil promise glowing results. Her brogue is the perfection of Celtic poetry, and no one who has seen her act will gainsay her *chic* and dash."

Mr. Kidder's Latest.

"I shall start out with my very best farce-comedy. On the Stage, on Jan. 10," said Edward Kidder to a MIRROR reporter, "opening the season most probably at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Williamsburg. I am engaging a strong company of specialty, musical and dramatic artists, and as stars of the organization I have secured two of the most popular entertainers in America—Messrs. Leon and Cushman. I have worked for nearly a year on the play, and those who have heard it, including Managers Miles, Sanger and Sinn, have no doubt of its success."

"The Mrs. James Brown Potter society craze has been worked on to quite a little extent, Mr. Leon playing Pomona Potter Pomero, a stage struck society girl, with ravishing toilets and a determination to act or die. The first act of the piece depicts the front of a New York tenement-house; the second is devoted to showing up favorite stage illusions in a humorous manner, and the third depicts a burlesque of Romeo and Juliet. Frank Cushman, who is the most popular man Haverly ever had, plays Kick, a call boy. Of course, the comedians appear in white face. Messrs. Randall and Frohman, who are doing the booking, state that there is a general belief among managers that the venture will prove successful."

"The choicest illusions of stage life are shown up in a merry manner in On the Stage, and this, too, in a manner which the general public can thoroughly comprehend. I shall travel with the company, and give it my personal attention. I am having fine printing made by H. A. Thomas, the Metropolitan Job Print and other houses, and we shall carry all the scenery necessary. In addition to the roles essayed by Leon and Cushman there are eight good character parts. The music will be of the brightest and best, and there will be plenty of pretty girls and showy costumes. In addition to On the Stage I have recently finished a new comedy On the Private Secretary and Confusion order, which I am to read to Nat Goodwin in the course of a week. The play was suggested by Fred Anstey's novel, 'The Fallen Idol.'"

Manager Shine's Brief Visit.

John L. Shine, the well-known English comedian and manager, has been registered for over a week past at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Although Mr. Shine has managed to transact considerable business since his arrival on the *Florida* last Tuesday, scarcely any mention has been made of his coming. A MIRROR reporter called on the gentleman the other day, and some time was spent in pleasant chat.

"My stay is going to be rather limited," said Mr. Shine. "I leave on Thursday (today) on the *Cincinnati*. But I've not been idle. It is my intention in the Fall to bring over a splendid burlesque company, with myself at the head, and before I go away almost everything will have been completed. I have been at the head of a number of different theatrical companies in England for the past six or seven years. The company I intend bring-

ing over I left at Glasgow. I was for two and a half years in partnership with John Hollingshead in connection with the Globe, the Gaiety and the Empire Theatres in London. The company will sail for this side in September."

"Where do you open in this city?"

"Most probably at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. When Mr. Stetson learned that I was coming over he made overtures for the first refusal, and I think matters will be satisfactorily arranged to-day. My company will be a good all-round organization, equally capable of doing burlesque, farce-comedy or comic opera. I shall have a very clever actor as second to myself, and I shall have some of the prettiest girls you ever saw. Of course I shall be under a big expense, for you can't get English artists to come to America for English salaries."

"I shall bring over some fifteen people, eight of whom will be of the chorus. As I will be able to get good artists here, I shall bring over only those I've been accustomed to play with. The scenery will be gotten up here."

"It is my intention to open in burlesque; very likely in my own burlesque, which I have played in Great Britain over 600 nights. It is quite cosmopolitan and can be understood anywhere. There are about two dozen pieces in the repertoire. If burlesque does not seem to meet with favor, we shall give farcical comedy, and failing in that, give comic opera. If successful in New York we will make a tour of the country to last at least a year."

"During my short stay I have been enjoying myself very much—going to the theatres and seeing all the managers. I have been to the Casino, to the Union Square, to Harrigan's, to the Fifth Avenue, to Buffalo Bill's Show, to Dockstader's and to the Bijou Opera House. That reminds me that Nat Goodwin, who is quite a favorite in London, is going to have a big success in Turned Up. It's very funny, and he ought to make a pile of money out of it."

"Altogether your theatres are magnificent places. I have quite a programme to go through before I leave for home."

Mr. Mack on Mr. Downing.

Joseph Mack, manager of Robert Downing in The Gladiator, arrived in the city on Tuesday from St. Louis, preparatory to making necessary arrangements for opening in grand spectacular style at the Star Theatre on Dec. 20, for two weeks. In conversation with a MIRROR reporter, Mr. Mack expressed himself as highly elated over the success of his star and company.

"I know that about every combination manager you meet tells you this," he said, "but it is a fact that we have done as large a business as any combination on the road this season, except, of course, such stars as Booth, Barrett and Jefferson. After being out for sixteen weeks we are really at the top of the ladder, being considered sufficiently strong to come in here at the Star Theatre on sharing terms, and those terms, too, as good as any manager ever had with the theatre, while most combinations are obliged to rent."

"Everywhere we have been Mr. Downing has been received with ovations, and the attraction has been recognized as one of the best. Another thing I want to say is that we have not given up first money to any theatre yet, and our business financially has been far beyond our most sanguine expectations. Although I was quite hopeful of Mr. Downing's abilities, he has surprised even me in his rendition of Spartacus, and I think he will be a revelation to the New York public."

The Park Company's Coast Trip.

"I have arranged for a trip of twelve weeks the coming Summer for Edward Harrigan and his Park Theatre company," said Manager Hanley to a MIRROR reporter the other day. "We will also have with us David Graham and his entire orchestra. During the trip we will visit Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, Des Moines, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, where we play for six weeks. Returning from the Pacific Coast, we play Oakland, Virginia City, Carson City, San Jose, Denver, Leadville, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Kansas City and St. Louis. What the repertoire will be has not been settled yet, although The O'Reagans has made such a big hit that it will doubtless occupy a prominent place. It is a good seven years since I have been in the far Western territory, and I think that we are certain to do a splendid business."

The Amateur Stage.

She Stoops to Conquer was selected for the opening performance of St. Peter's Library Union, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1. The piece ran smoothly, and the leading roles were mainly entrusted to competent people.

Company D, of the Twelfth Regiment, gave an entertainment at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Monday evening.

The Amaranth performance at the Brooklyn Academy on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3, will be duly noticed next week.

The cast of Iolanthe, to be presented this (Thursday) evening at the Brooklyn Academy, by the Amateur Opera company, will include Mrs. L. P. Wilks, Miss Edgeworth Sturitt, Alice Mercereau, Helen Clarke, Clara Crooks, Bessie Rathbun, John G. Hill, Charles H. Parsons, Samuel S. Swasey and William C. Kimball.

The Usher.



Read him who can! The Usher and his story.
—A. W. S. L. L. L. L. L.

Bruder Pulitzer, of the *Morning Journal*, is not far behind Bruder Pulitzer, of the *World*, in the matter of enterprise and nice appreciation of the newest ways and means to turn an honest penny. Here is a copy of a letter received by a Bowery shopkeeper, who sends it to me with the remark that he would see the *Journal* in *Saeol* before acceding to its request:

OFFICES OF THE MORNING JOURNAL.
New York, Nov. 20, 1886.
Dear Sir:—The *Morning Journal*, on Sunday next, will have a full descriptive and illustrated article on the Bowery and its business houses. It seems to me that you can only afford to have such an article published and read by 200,000 people without some mention of your business appearing therein. There may be no necessity for a long notice, but can you afford to be left out entirely? The charge will be fifty cents per agate line. As the time is short, may we ask for an immediate reply? Yours truly,
MORNING JOURNAL.

Probably the Bowery tradesman in question could well afford to have the article published by 500,000 people, as it cost him nothing. I print this charming specimen of journalistic push not for its delightful grammar and composition so much as to give my readers an insight into the methods pursued by a certain class of metropolitan daily journals that are conducted on the wild west plan.

I have received the following despatch:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 2, 1886.
To the Usher.
Thanks for your kindly reply to Major Pond about what I was accused of saying. WILSON BARRETT.

Mr. Barrett is exceptionally sensible to a friendly par. He is such a royal good fellow that I really wish I might be conscientiously permitted to write in terms of hearty commendation about his acting. In the interest of honest opinion I cannot. But for this, alas! are we "crickets."

Louise Dickson asks me to correct a mistake that occurred in the last *MIRROR*. "It was stated," she writes, "that my little daughter and myself were withdrawn from A Wall Street Bandit. You must be aware that salaries were not paid in that company. There is money still due us." Miss Dickson adds that she retired from the organization in order to prepare her child for Frankie Kemble's new play by Clay Greene. Mr. Greene avers it is the strongest juvenile part ever written.

Here's a lapse of memory that is too good to be lost: A young actor engaged in one of the Broadway theatres—a man of wealth and education as is supposed—was recently discussing, with the son of a well known star, the merits of a certain English tragedian. When the latter quoted a sentence from Pope's famous "Essay on Criticism" to the effect that comparison is the only proper standard of true criticism—

"Who said that?" inquired the Broadway actor.

"Why, Pope," replied his opponent.
"What, *Charles* Pope? What the devil does he know about it?"

Mme Janish's season closed abruptly on Saturday night in Jersey City. David Peyer, her manager, tells the story of the tour in the following words: "My contract with Janish was for three years. She was to furnish the capital, pay salaries and all expenses, while I was to receive a salary and a percentage of the profits. She went abroad last summer to get new plays in Paris. She came back with 27,000 worth of dresses, but no pieces. We started out on the road and played to an average of about \$150 a night for six weeks up to Saturday. Our return dates from last season were all bad. The salary list was \$365, but the expenses reached \$1150 weekly. In Baltimore we played Thanksgiving week to \$1600. Janish's personal expenses were heavy. Her hotel bills amounted to \$200 a week, she carried two servants and lived sumptuously. She only furnished about \$1000 capital. In Jersey City on Saturday night I went to her to get money. She said she had none. I told her I could go no further and would have to notify the company. This was done. That's all there is about it. A lack of plays, no capital, bad business and Janish's extravagance brought the end."

Rosina Vokes bears unmistakable traces of her recent severe illness, but her acting is as brisk and bright as ever. The *Schoolmistress* is a scrappy farce that tests the utmost skill of Miss Vokes and her clever associates to make tolerable. The time and talent of such good comedians are wasted on such utter trash. There is one touch of nature in *Pinner's* piece, however—the newly married, absurdly jealous Reginald Paulover, capably played by Courtney Thorpe. How often do we see young

husbands with Reginald's amusing peculiarity, the sort of chaps that worship their wives and respect every man who speaks to them or looks at them of doing the same. I have frequently observed these unfortunately jealous individuals suffering the tortures of the damned in social congregations. It is generally their fate to be wedded to women who are not averse to arousing the vigilant green-eyed monster that serves as sentinel in the manly breasts on which they have elected to pillow their pretty heads for life.

THE *MIRROR*'s musical critic has very justly alluded to the efficiency of the orchestra at the Standard. Without questioning his estimate of Tony Reiff's ability as a leader, I must raise a protest against the antique list of selections which were sandwiched between the acts of the *Schoolmistress* on Tuesday night. The line should be strictly drawn at such wormy chestnuts as Wallace's *Maritana* and Leroy's *Girdle-Grotto*.

On account of the detention of a letter in the mails the readers of the Christmas *MIRROR* will be deprived of a story from the clever pen of W. J. Florence. The genial comedian writes me from Frisco, under date of the 30th ult.: "I hope you will have a great success with the Christmas issue and send you the compliments of the season."

Let it be recorded that another American actress has been admitted to the sacred boards of Wallack's! Can our dear old manager be losing his head and forgetting the most cherished traditions of the famous house? Miss Vane being ill, Sadie Bigelow was engaged to play the Duchess of Sonnez. Miss Bigelow says she labors under a great disadvantage, as the company rehearsed for three weeks steadily, while she had but two rehearsals.

A paragraph in THE *MIRROR* relating to Caroline Hill and the part of Lady Dolly in *Moths* has innocently engendered bad feeling between two estimable actors. At the time the item appeared it was not known that Fanny Addison had been secured for the Wallack revival. Mr. Pitt, however, imagined that his wife had been indirectly slighted at the instigation of Mr. Kecey, the other lady's husband. Of course no slight was intended, and equally, of course, Mr. Kecey had no hand in the publication of the paragraph in question. The matter has been fully explained all round and peace now prevails—or ought to.

Annie Wakeman, who has latterly retired from stage life to pursue a literary and journalistic career in London, is paying a brief visit to New York. Her holiday is brief, however, for she is booked to return to England on Saturday by a Cunarder.

Mrs. Bartley Campbell says, in reply to Thomas B. MacDonough's interview in yesterday's *Herald*: "Mr. MacDonough states that I neglected to send him my thanks for donating \$50 to the benefit performance at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last summer. I sent a letter, expressing my gratitude, to the Fund, thinking by that means to reach all who had helped. It was not until September that I knew Mr. MacDonough was a contributor. Please tender him my sincere thanks now. At the same time be good enough to say that nearly all of his statements in the *Herald* article are untrue."

The motion to remove the receiver of Mr. Campbell's estate came up Tuesday. Judge Barrett decided that the matter was not within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. Mr. Quinlan, through his lawyer, Scott Lord, will begin proceedings immediately in the City Court.

Louis Aldrich says the printed statement of the Receiver that he paid Campbell \$500 for *My Partner* is false. The Receiver was present when one payment of \$2700 (the receipt for which Mr. Aldrich showed me) was made to the dramatist. In exact figures, Mr. Aldrich paid over to Mr. Campbell \$14,645 for the play, more than \$10,000 of this sum representing royalties alone.

Last night Ben Maginley played *May Blossom* in Hampton, Va., the village where the scene of the play is laid. A telegram informs me that every seat was sold in advance.

Edwin H. Low received a cablegram from his London agent, Tuesday, containing the somewhat astonishing news that Harry Court, who was reported to have died in destitution three weeks ago, is living.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Nov. 25, 1886.
I am informed that Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera was read to the Savoy company on Monday by the great W. S. G. himself. After all, it seems the "petrol" of the piece will be neither Egyptian nor Indian, nor even "Georgian" whatever that may mean. Each of these eras, if they are eras, has in turn been tried and found wanting, and at the time of writing it has been determined to clothe the players in dresses of the English Commonwealth time. But W. S. G. may change his mind half a dozen times between now and the next rehearsal. He effects an air of mystery about his new work and flies

into frightful rages of any details concerning them are published in the papers before what he considers is the fitting time. But perhaps this is affectation, too, and is, after all, only an artful way of obtaining additional reviews. All this, however, is strictly by the way. What I am concerned with now is the new piece, about which I have to-day obtained a few particulars.

Imprimis, it will be of a more broadly farcical description than any of its predecessors, but will, as long experience has now led us to expect, run pretty much upon the same pair of rails as hitherto. I will cheerfully admit that the tails are excellent of their kind, but all the same they are only one pair, and one of these days they will be worn out. There are four chief parts, fairly equal in dimensions, and hence the four chief players are better satisfied than has sometimes been the case. These artists are Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, Jessie Bond and Leonora Braham. The interest of the story centres round two brothers, Robin (Grossmith) and Despard (Barrington). Robin is a rich baronet, but holds his estates on somewhat peculiar conditions. He is descended from a long line of wicked ancestors, all of whom have distinguished themselves by the commission of horrid crimes. In order to carry out their testamentary wishes he is bound to go and do likewise. If not he will invalidate his tenure, and the estates will pass away—whether to another branch of the family or into the Ewigkeit is not quite clear. Sir Robin Grossmith is by nature mild and timid to excess. Horrified at the prospect of a life of crime, he sneaks away from the ancestral home and leaves brother Barrington to bear the brunt. Richard Temple plays the departed spirit of one of the wicked ancestors, and also plays the devil with Barrington and Grossmith. While wandering in disguise and the agricultural districts, Sir Robin falls in love with the innocent village maiden, Leonora Braham, but is too nervous to declare his passion, so deposes his foster-brother (D. Lely) to negotiate on his behalf. Lely is mashed by Leonora, and, proposing on his own account, is snapped up by Leonora in a jiffy, and is an engaged man before he knows where he is. Lely, however, presently gives himself away; for in his innocence he lets the cat out of the bag, and the simple village maiden (who has evidently not been on a free pass to the theatre for nothing) at once realizes the situation, and with much promptitude throws over the poor foster-brother for the rich baronet, and considerable complications ensue. Jessie Bond represents an eccentric young person by the name of Mad Margaret, who is introduced with the foster-brother to play the same old game of lovers at cross-purposes which has been going on ever since the world began. Miss Brandram is, as usual, cast for an old woman, and neither Mr. Brill nor Sybil Grey has been given a part. Considerable fun is evoked from a peculiar institution which prevails in Leonora's village. It seems that ages ago a sum of money was bequeathed to endow a sort of Perpetual-Provision-of-Bridesmaids Fund. By this means, in this happy village, bridesmaids are always on tap; but if a certain specified time goes without a wedding taking place, the bequest lapses. The matrimonial market has ruled slack for some time prior to the rising of the curtain. Indeed, the limit has all but expired, and this is one of the reasons why the artless Leonora is in such a hurry to get married. Of course the whole business is treated in the approved Gilbertian method, and topsy-turvydom runs riot throughout the piece. What the title will be no man knoweth as yet—not even, it is said, the author. Nor is the date of production definitely fixed.

La Bearnaise, at the Prince of Wales', having passed its fiftieth night, the management opined that something in the shape of a new send-off was wanting, and thought to meet the case by providing a new front piece—The Houseboat by H. W. Wilfridson—which was accordingly produced on Wednesday. Inasmuch as "second notices" of La Bearnaise have, by this means, been obtained, the management's scheme has so far been successful; otherwise they cannot be accused of having unduly strengthened the bill. The Houseboat is indeed about as thin as they make them, even in these days, when at only too many theatres almost anything is considered good enough to play the people in. A young man and his sweetheart are unable to marry without the consent of his testy old uncle. To get it they and a *parti* come of their friends pervade the river banks at Great Marlow, occupy the testy uncle's houseboat, without permission, and otherwise misconduct themselves. Presently enter the uncle and another old gentleman to fish. The uncle gets tipped over into the water—the nephew fishes him out—and having sworn to make his preserver his heir—why, there you have you know.

The best thing about The Houseboat is the pretty larkish which has been painted for it by G. H. Prodger.

Our young American friend, Miss Grace Hawthorne, has secured the English acting right of *Theodora*, and intends to produce that play at the Olympic next season—that is to say, sometime after Christmas. On Sunday she sailed for Paris, in order to arrange for the taking over of possible scenery and costumes used by *Theodora* at the Porte St. Martin. Also, she will interview Sardou

and obtain from the great man as many tips on the subject of the English production as he is disposed to shed. Meanwhile *A Ring of Iron* will be continued at the Olympic until Dec. 13, when Edward Terry and company will come there with their latest provincial success, *The Churchwarden*. A series of Wednesday matinees, having no connection with the evening performances, is also included in Miss Hawthorne's enterprising arrangements. I wish the young lady every success in her undertaking, and sincerely hope that it may be her lot to revive the fallen fortunes of this once popular house. But it is to be hoped that Miss Hawthorne will not imitate the example set by your lithe and lovely Miss Lilian Olcott, who lately produced in your city a version of *Theodora* pretty full of "Ammurican" slang and colloquialisms.

A company calling itself the Asphælian Theatre Company, who have erected several patent mechanical stages for Continental theatres, have signified their intention of trying to introduce their stages to the English market. As these stages are said to require little or no assistance from carpenters, scene-shifters and fly men, they are likely to meet with a good deal of opposition.

While on the inventions I may as well mention that Charles L. Carson, whose paper, the *Stage*, is often praised, quoted or censured by THE *MIRROR* (according to its, the *Stage*'s, deserts)—Carson, I say, has invented and patented an electrical apparatus by which the mere touching of a knob, you may unbolt, unlock and open every door throughout a theatre. It ought to be useful in all cases of panic. I hope Carson will next turn his attention to an invention for Compelling the Better Writing of Stage Plays.

Which reminds me that there are two stage-plays which were crowded out of my letter last week by reason of the superabundance of new pieces showered upon London at that time. These were *Paul and Virginia*, a poetical play, by R. Davey, described by some as from America, and *The Secret of a Life*, written by Arthur Williams, a low comedian, and George Roberts, a stage manager. P. and V. was produced before a fashionable audience at the little Novello on the 18th. The S. of a L. was put on at the Islington Grand on the afternoon of the 19th, before an audience composed almost exclusively of the author's brother-mummers.

Place aux Americains. So I will treat of Paul and Virginia first, not only because of the reputed Americanness of its author, but also because in it there appeared two American ladies—Grace Hawthorne and Emilie Leicester, to wit, both of whom played admirably. The profits of the performance were to be given to the St. Vincent Hurricane Fund. The piece, which was in five acts, bore traces in its dialogue of a cultured writer attaining at times to something of poetic strain; but the construction was shaky and the whole thing wanted plenty of condensation and still more rehearsal. For all that Mr. Davey made a success of esteem, and showed that under better conditions he might yet do something calculated to bring himself profit and his audiences pleasure. In addition to some well known professionals, several distinguished amateurs were in the cast. These included Richard Mackway's celebrated choir, and Major Malet, "West Indian Section, Colonial and Indian Exhibition, South Kensington, S. W."

The Secret of a Life, at the Grand, was a four-act compound of Cockney humor and domestic pathos, which, if sorted out in better order, and cut down a bit, would, no doubt, draw money, especially on the road. As it was, it proved interesting, and its comic speeches (of which there are far too many) "brought down the house," as the saying is. In its plot it was a good deal like a good many other plays that have been seen during the present century. There was a young lady who married secretly and against the consent of her father, who eventually turned her out to starve. This she achieved, dying later in the snow, and leaving behind her a baby who was picked up and afterward brought up by an old Penny Showman and his wife. As the play proceeded twenty years after the prologue, the baby, now full grown and an artist, was (when a lot of alarms and excursions had been gone through) shown to be the son of a Peer of the Realm, who was only a "Pam. Mister" when he ran away with the poor young girl in the prologue. This disclosure, like all the other disclosures, was engineered by the old Penny Showman, and during the process thereof the showman unmasked the peer's second wife as a bigamist and her son as illegitimate. Also he had his own daughter abducted by the said illegitimate son, who was at the finish flung into the Thames by the artist-hero. *The Secret*, etc., was on the whole cleverly acted, Arthur Williams and that rich comic actress, Miss Victor, causing continuous laughter by their lively sallies.

The Actors' Fund.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee eight applications for relief were favorably passed upon. Three applications are on file.

There was expended in relief last week \$300. New members and annual dues paid in: Frederick Zorn, William H. Austead, John A. Robinson, Agnes Earle, Milton Nobles, Dailie

Nobles, Charles Saunders, Ruth Hamilton, Theodore Hamilton, John H. Shewell, Kate Singleton, Lillian Richards and Fanny Dunham Rouse.

Professional Doings.

—Dick Gorman is playing through Canada, and writes that he is making a reputation and a little money besides.

—J. H. Browne, formerly with W. J. Florence, has been engaged for Arthur Kenyon's *Called Back* company.

—Ada Boshell leaves LeClair and Russell's company at the close of this week and will be at liberty for soubrette roles.

—Allyn Hall, Hartford, Ct., is coming into favor with travelling managers who still look upon that city as a one-night stand.

—A new play, *The Van Dykes*, by Mark Price, was brought out at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, on Dec. 6.

—A. C. Gunter is at work on a play for Ida Mülle. With this play and *Nicouche*, Miss Mülle proposes to star next season.

—Another new theatre for Chicago! Our correspondent writes: "The enterprising young projector should think twice before he begins."

—Maud Monroe is making her mark in the ingenue part in the Hedley-Harrison Youth company. Her work gives good promise for the future.

—Thomas Lewis, a well known Columbus (O.) baritone, made his professional debut with the Wilson-Rankin Minstrels in that city last (Wednesday) night.

—W. J. Chappelle, for several seasons in advance of the Dalys' Vacation company, is ailing, and has gone to his home at Great Bend, Pa., to recuperate.

—Warren Ashley has left the Cold Day company and returned to New York. No unpleasantness; he speaks highly of Managers Fisher and Hassan.

—Manager R. E. J. Miles is arranging for Patti's Cincinnati concert, which takes place Dec. 10, at Music Hall. The first day's sale realized over \$5,000.

—Herr Cline, the famous tight-rope performer of two generations, died at the Forrest Home last Friday. He was a native of Germany and over eighty years of age.

—The Main Line opened at the Olympic, St. Louis, on Sunday night, to nearly \$1,000, and in consequence Charles Spalding, the manager, has booked them to return.

—The Thompson Opera company, which recently closed a long engagement in Chicago, goes to Portland, Ore., for the winter. Mr. Thompson says that ill luck may come and go, but he proposes to fight it right along until merit wins.

—G. C. Aschbach makes announcement that he has withdrawn from the management of Music Hall at Allentown, Pa. The Hall was built through Mr. Aschbach's personal efforts. Travelling managers and agents will regret to hear of his retirement.

—S. G. Pratt, author of *Zenobia*, has written another opera, and named it *Lucille*. He has invited the members of the American Opera company to attend a matinee at Central Music Hall, Chicago, on Dec. 10, where the principal numbers will be sung.

—On Sunday, Nov. 28, the Boston Ideals appeared in concert for the benefit of the St. Paul (Minn.) Press Club. Manager Foster, of the Ideals, and Manager Scott, of the Grand Opera House, superintended the affair, which was in every way a success.

—Milton Nobles has cancelled his Christmas week in Cincinnati, and will spend the time in Texas. This would imply that Mr. Nobles is doing very well down the Rio Grande way. At least, *MIRROR* correspondence from that region credits him with good business everywhere.

—The Marquis, an opera by Lacombe, which ran in Paris at the Folies Dramatiques for 600 nights, and which has been put into English by Reece, will be the next opera at the Casino. To judge from the present state of affairs, and the excellent drawing powers of Erminie, the need for The Marquis will not be noticed until the former has had a run of fully 300 nights.

—E. E. Kidder has taken the management of Leon and Cushman, and is now getting up a company. He would like to hear from dramatic, musical and specialty people. With the company Mr. Kidder will produce his new farce comedy, *On the Stage*. The opening will take place about Jan. 10.

—Open dates in every month of the season are announced at Jacobs and Proctor's Opera House, Hartford, Ct. All attractions play three nights and a matinee, and the prices run from fifteen cents to one dollar. The open time covers about five weeks. Jacobs and Proctor's address is Albany, N. Y.

—Tracy Titus is seriously ill with typhoid pneumonia. He is being cared for at the Tremont Hotel, Chicago. He is cheerful and hopes soon to be upon his feet again; but his physician is not so sanguine. When taken ill Mr. Titus was in advance of the Carleton Opera company. The company is to give him a benefit.

—While en route from Cincinnati to this city, the Helen Dauvray company met with quite a serious mishap in the burning of a baggage car and the total destruction of the trunks belonging to Joseph R. Whiting, Frank Rodney and J. W. Pigott. The trunks of Miss Dauvray and the rest of the company, as well as the scenery, escaped unharmed.

—The Lights of London is playing to extraordinary business in the West. It is still one of the strongest drawing cards in the field of melodrama. It looks as though Messrs. Litt and Lee were going to make a fortune out of it even at this late day, when plays, especially melodramas, are so short-lived. The Lights of London is apparently endowed with enough vitality to last two or three seasons yet.

—Held by the Enemy will be produced in London on April 11 next by a London company; at the Boston Museum on Jan. 4, by the regular stock company of the theatre; in San Francisco in June at one of Hayman's theatres, by a specially selected company, including the principals of the travelling organization; and under the direction of J. C. Williamson in Australia. During the engagement in San Francisco the author, William H. Gillette, will appear in the part of the correspondent. On Dec. 6, 7 and 8 the play was presented in Troy and for the first time in the history of theatricals in that city. Although in goodly numbers visited the sister city in the drama.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. First-class board and room
\$1 to \$2.50 per day. Fires and bath-room.
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Gossip of the Town.

Eloise Willis joined the Main Line company in St. Louis.

Frank C. Bangs and Harry Brown have joined Andrews' Michael Strogoff company. James O'Neill is reading a new play from the pen of John S. Wilson, co-author of Nor-deck.

Tony Hart has recently signed contracts to appear in Cleveland, Buffalo, St. Louis and Chicago.

Beverly Sitgreaves has been engaged to support Agnes Herndon in A Commercial Tourist's Bride.

Edward Aronson has gone to Louisville, where the Erminie road company is present playing.

There will be no matinee at the Bijou Opera House on Saturday, owing to preparations for the production of Those Bells and Turned Up.

Frank L. Bixby, manager of the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn, intends to organize a permanent minstrel organization for that house in January.

Kathryn Kidder, Louise Dillon and Charles S. Dickson will, it is reported, go to England at the end of the present season, to appear in Held by the Enemy.

John S. Clarke has offered Louise Dillon a two years engagement in London, and took the trouble to cable the same.

Nellie Lingard has received an offer of engagement from Thomas Thorne, manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, London.

The report that Charles Sugden, of the Fortescue company, was engaged only for the New York season, is denied.

Loie Fuller will appear at the complimentary benefit tendered to Jules Levy at the Academy of Music next Sunday night.

Howard P. Taylor is writing a new comedy for Minnie Maddern, three acts of which are finished. He is also writing a play for Bella Moore.

The Weston Brothers company, which has been in the city for the past few weeks reorganizing, reopens in Our Minstrel Boys Dec. 20.

Mme. De Nancadre, who created the part of the Princess in The Great Pink Pearl when that play was given in London, has been secured for the production of the piece in this city.

The Saturday matinees at Dockstader's are very popular with the ladies and children. A well-known society lady has taken a stall at the house for the matinees for the entire season.

A report is current that the Academy of Music is to be taken hold of by an enterprising manager on Dec. 27, and made into a so-called popular-price theatre.

The attractions at next Sunday evening's concert at the Casino will consist of Mme. Trebelli, the contralto, and Ovide Musin, the violinist, assisted by Rudolph Aronson's orchestra of fifty.

Among the wardrobe and valuables which J. W. Pigott, of Helen Dauvray's company, lost by the burning of the baggage-car on Monday morning, near Lancaster, Pa., was a handsome diamond and carbuncle pin.

Manager Comstock, of Dockstader's, points with pride to the fact that within the past two months there have been no less than 610 newspaper paragraphs about the minstrels in out-of-town papers.

Frank W. Sanger has engaged Alexander Bell, the tenor, formerly of Mahn's Opera company, and Marie Bell and Tim Murphy for the Bunch of Keys company, opening this week in Yonkers, in place of Marius Girard, Claire Lynden and Blanche Seymour.

Charles Reed, the well-known minstrel, has secured the right to produce Little Jack Sheppard in San Francisco, and will shortly leave the city to arrange for its production during the holidays.

Charles N. Schroeder, manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, mourns the loss of his mother, Mrs. Barbara Schroeder, who died in San Francisco from heart disease last Friday at the advanced age of seventy-four.

Annie Leslie has been engaged to play Javotte in Erminie on the road, Georgie Dennis, who played the part in Chicago, returning to the city to resume her position in the home company.

The first rehearsal of Bronson Howard's new play took place at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday (Wednesday) under the supervision of the author. No name has yet been given to the work, nor has the date of its production been decided upon.

Tony Pastor has received a special importation of all manner and kind of dolls. They are to be given away to ladies and little girls in the audiences at the matinees, beginning with next Tuesday.

J. Cheever Goodwin, who is at present with a New Street brokerage firm, still employs his spare moments in dramatic writing. He has written an English version of the opera Le Bearnaise for Colonel McCaull, and is now busy in arranging Pippins for production at the Bijou Opera House.

All of the boxes in the Opera House at Burlington, Vt., where May Forence appeared on Monday night in Frou-Frou, were bought by the Mayor of the city. The advance sale in Montreal, where she appears this week, indicates the largest engagement of the season.

One of the cleverest advertising papers ever seen is that recently gotten out by Gus Finn, manager of Robert B. Mantell in Tangled Lives. It represents a legal document,

and is such a close imitation as to deceive many. The law of the State of New York regarding marriage, upon which the play is founded, is clearly given.

H. B. Lonsdale, ex-manager of the Violet Cameron Opera company, and E. H. Hastings are organizing a company to appear in Mizpah, a new American comic opera, music of which is by Fred Eustis, libretto by H. J. Dan and Colonel Burr. The company comprises George Frothingham, Ed. Chapman, James Maas, George Travener, R. N. Hickman, L. J. Monico, N. Reeves, Louise Montague, Katherine Bliss, Stella Stuart and Merv. De Ruyter. The company will open its season at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, on Dec. 25.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y. Potter's Opera House. Population 20,000. Seating 1,000. Share rent, 1000. Open time after Dec. 1, also for good attraction New Year's week. N. S. POTTER, Mgr.

ALLIANCE, OHIO. PEOPLE'S THEATRE. William T. T. Manager. J. G. W. S. Manager. Prop. Open time. Sharing terms.

BERKELEY, MISS. TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE. G. W. ELKIN, Manager. Situated in the best show town in Mississippi. Comfortable to both actors and audience. Seats 1,000. Good attractions draw well. Correspondence solicited for open dates.

ADRIAN, MICH. Central Hotel. Headquarters of the profession. Special rates. N. Y. Mirror on file. FRANK S. AVERY, Mgr.

ASHTABULA, O. SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE. Seating capacity 900; full set of scenery. Good attractions wanted. Share only. SMITH & SON, Props.

ATTICA, N. Y. Williams Opera House. Seven hundred chairs, steam heated, full scenery. Wanted, good attractions for first and last week in October. C. F. WILLIAMS, Manager.

ATTICA, N. Y. Wyoming Hotel. Headquarters of dramatic profession, next door to Opera House. Special rates. S. WILDER, Prop.

AUGUSTA, GA. Augusta Hotel and Globe Hotel. Headquarters for the profession. Low rates to theatrical companies. Mirror on file. L. E. DOUGLASS, Proprietor, Augusta, Ga.

DAIRSVILLE, KY. NEW OPERA HOUSE. Southern terminus O. & N. R. R. Capacity 400. Good show town. D. G. SIMMONS, Manager.

ALTOONA, PA. GLOBE HOTEL. Near Opera House and Depot. Special rates to the profession. New York Mirror on file. S. A. LUTZ, Proprietor.

ASBURY PARK, N. J. OPERA HOUSE. Finely appointed in every respect. Seating 1,200. For open time address ISAAC COLEMAN, Sole Manager and Lessee.

BROCKPORT, N. Y. American Hotel. Headquarters of the dramatic profession. Special rates. N. Y. Mirror on file. C. C. FOX, Proprietor.

BROCKPORT, N. Y. Ward's Opera House. Seating capacity 650, all chairs; well heated. WANTED—Good attractions for December and January. Good show town. G. R. WARD, Proprietor.

GETTY HOUSE. I. A. GETTY, Proprietor. Best hotel in town. First-class in every respect. Special rates. Free bus to Ward's Opera House. N. Y. Mirror on file.

BEAVER FALLS, PA. SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE. The largest, best and most popular theatre in the country. Population 10,000. Seating capacity 1,200. Fifteen dressing-rooms. Stage 35x50; 12 sets scenery. Ground floor. Only first-class attractions need write for time. C. W. KOHRKASTE, Mgr. and Prop.

BUFFALO, N. Y. UNITED STATES HOTEL. Headquarters of the leading profession. Conveniently located to all the theatres and depots. Special rates by correspondence. N. Y. Mirror on file. J. LATZ, Jr., Manager.

BRISTOL, PA. BRISTOL OPERA HOUSE. Seating capacity 1,100 all chairs. Full set of scenery. Well heated. Stage 35x50. An orchestra available. WANTED—Good attractions at all times, which will receive good terms. First-class show town and only theatre. JAMES WRIGHT, Manager.

BRUNSWICK, GA. L'ARROS OPERA HOUSE. Only one in the county. Seats 400. Prices 75c. and \$1. Good companies and variety wanted. GLOVER & WHITTAKER, Lessees and Mgrs.

BUFFALO, N. Y. Casino Theatre. Seating 1,000, folding chairs, steam heated, full set of scenery. Good specialty art work, also good attraction for Christmas week. I. W. GERRALD, Mgr.

BATH, N. Y. STEUBEN HOUSE. First class. Located near Opera House. Professional rates, \$1 per day. Free bus. Baggage transferred free. Plenty of accommodations for carous. CAPT. D. A. ST. NOR, Proprietor.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y. WHO WANTS NEW YEAR'S? at the BINGHAMTON OPERA HOUSE. Two performances! Big money! First-class attractions. Wire. J. P. E. CLARK, Manager.

CINCINNATI, O. ROYAL HOTEL. Southeast corner Walnut and Court streets.

The above Hotel has been entirely renovated and refitted with new and handsome furniture.

SPECIAL RATES TO THEATRICAL PEOPLE.

Good rooms, including board, \$5 and \$6 per week.

Call or address S. J. HESS, Proprietor.

COLDWATER, MICH. Tibbitts' Opera House. On Grand River. Seating 1,200. Full set of scenery and every convenience. Weeks of Jan. 14 and Feb. 7 open. C. L. HUNTER, Manager.

CORNING, N. Y. Exchange Hotel. One block from Academy; headquarters of the dramatic profession. Special rates. C. F. BEARD, Prop.

CLEVELAND, O. ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Seating capacity 1,000; all chairs. Full scenery and every modern convenience. Wanted, good attractions for December and January. W. F. DOBBERT, Mgr.

CLEVELAND, O. New Johnson House. 141 Superior Street. Special rates to the profession. H. B. WEST, Manager.

CONNEAUT, O. CLEVELAND'S HALL. Population, 5,000. Seating capacity 1,000. Full scenery, well heated, etc. Open time for good attractions always. G. H. CLEVELAND, Manager.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA. Weiler's Hall. Seating capacity 1,000. Stage 35x50. Full set of scenery. Steam heated; lighted with gas. Centrally located. Will be ready to open at popular prices Oct. 30, 1910. Rent on share. Address W. L. WELER.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. STREIBINGER HOUSE. Headquarters of the profession. Special rates. Steam heated, electric lights and bells. First-class table, with all home comforts. G. M. CAIDWELL, Prop.

CLEVELAND, O. Superior Hotel. 14 Superior Street. Home of the profession. Special rates. J. VAN LOAN, Proprietor.

CHARLESTON, S. C. PAVILION HOTEL. First class. Centrally located. Special rates to the profession. Transfer buses and wagons at all trains. Hauling done cheaper than by any other line. E. T. GAILLARD, proprietor.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y. WEBSTER HOUSE. N. K. Howell, proprietor. Headquarters of the dramatic and musical profession. Special rates. N. Y. Mirror on file.

DENVER, COL. MUSIC HALL. Now finished and prepared to book best attractions who don't require scenery. Size of Hall, 18x35. Stage, 35x50; high ceiling. Hall almost fireproof. Present seating 2,000. Movable chairs. Best location in city. Very wide and easy exits. Only hall for refined entertainments. Opera and concert companies, lectures, balls, etc. No dates to dramatic troupes or leg shows. Will share. Rental, \$50 and \$75 per day and night. P. T. HUGHES, Owner and Manager, Denver.

DETROIT, MICH. UNION HOTEL. 210 and 211 West Woodbridge Street. Convenient to all Depots and Theatres. Special rates. Street cars pass the door. M. MCCALL, Proprietor.

ERIE, PA. PARK OPERA HOUSE. Only theatre in Erie. Seating capacity, 1,600. All chairs, every modern improvement and convenience. Christmas cake open for a strong attraction. Address JOHN P. HILL, Manager.

PARK VIEW HOTEL. Facing Opera House. Only hotel of profession in city. Special rates and every convenience. N. Y. Mirror on file. RUROW & DREIFUSS, Props.

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Christmas Number

OF THE

New York Mirror

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15, 1886.

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The list of contributors to the Christmas MIRROR includes many celebrated names. Among them the stage, the worlds of literature and journalism and the learned professions find worthy representatives.

A wide variety of entertaining reading matter—clever novelettes, interesting reminiscences, good stories of theatrical life, charming poems, bright sketches, humorous anecdotes; all original and especially prepared for the forthcoming holiday number—has been contributed by the following writers:

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A company, headed by Miss Adelaide Thornton, under the management of Mr. Paul F. Nicholson, began an engagement at the Bijou Theatre last evening, appearing in Bartley Campbell's successful play, The Galley Slave. This piece, one of the most interesting, and in some respects the strongest, ever written by Mr. Campbell, has been played in this city so often that it is familiar to Boston theatre-goers. There was a large audience present last evening, and the acting of the company, and especially the principals, was fully appreciated, and the curtain was demanded at the end of nearly every act. Miss Thornton, who assumed the role of Francesca Remini, is a comely actress, evidently trained in a good school, and she acted with good judgment and all necessary power. She was heartily applauded throughout the action of the drama.—Boston Herald, Dec. 7, 1886.

ROUTE.—Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 13-18, Theatre Belknap; Springfield, Mass., Dec. 20-22, Gilmore Opera House; Waterbury, Ct., 25 (Christmas), Jacques Theatre.

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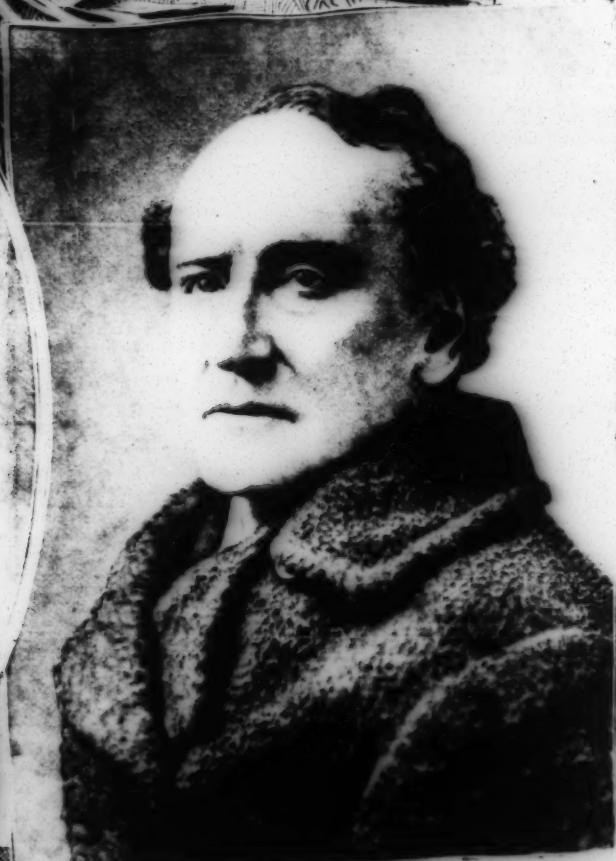
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